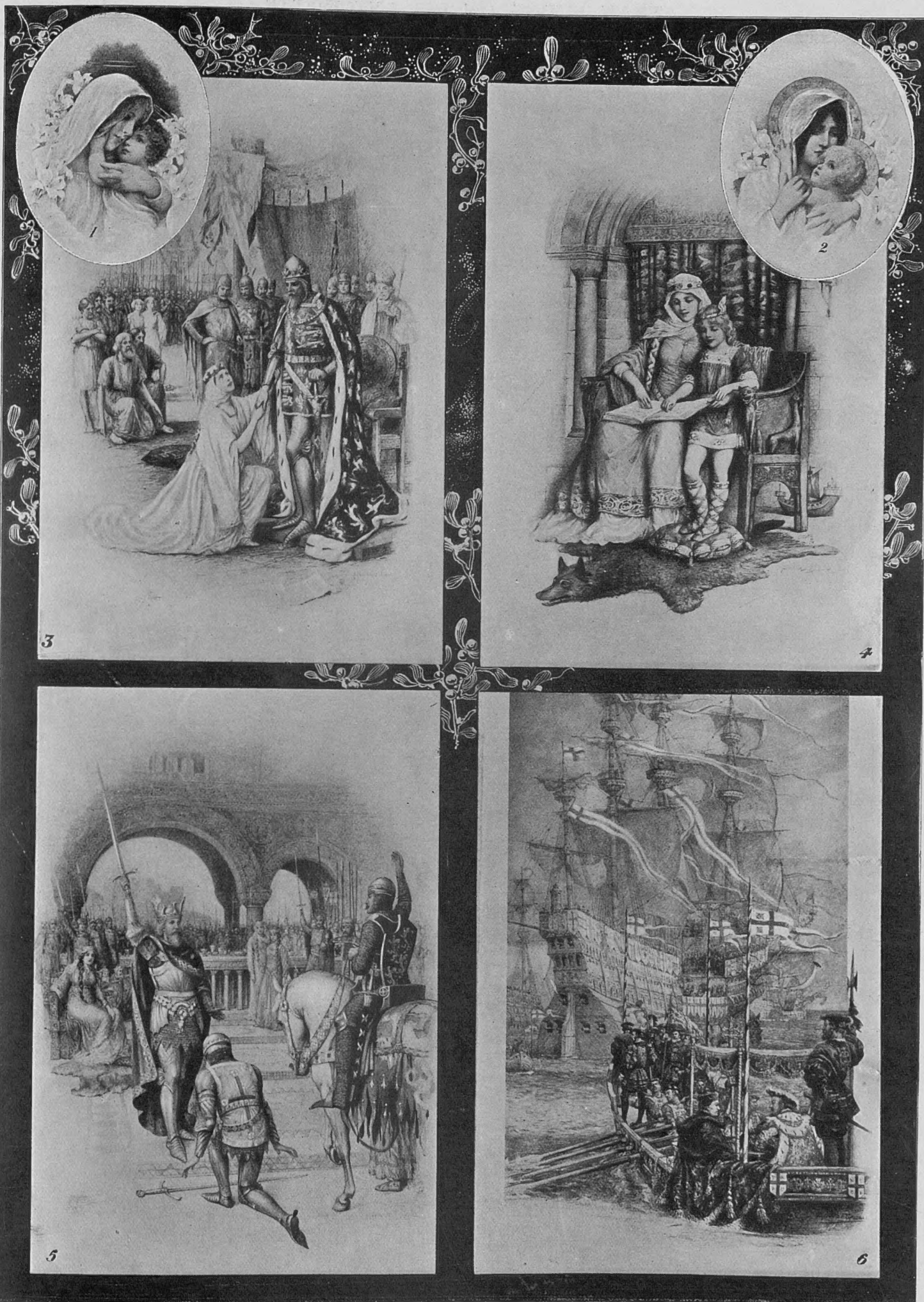


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ROYAL CHOICE IN CHRISTMAS CARDS: THE CARDS FAVOURED BY THE KING AND QUEEN AND OTHER ROYALTIES.

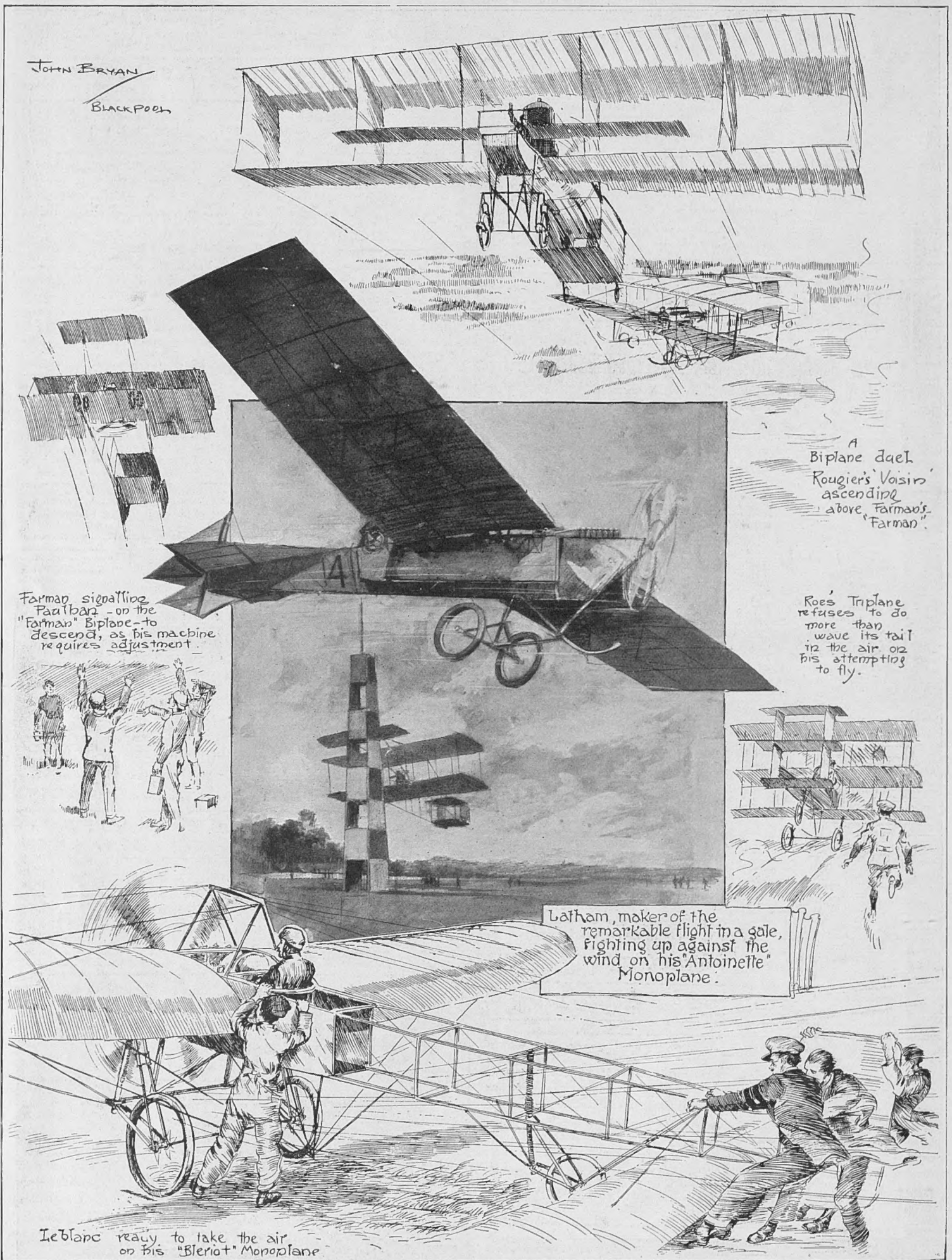


1. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CARD: "MADONNA AND CHILD"—BY H. M. BENNETT.
2. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA'S CARD: "MADONNA AND CHILD"—BY H. M. BENNETT.
3. THE QUEEN'S CARD: "QUEEN PHILIPPA PLEADING WITH KING EDWARD III. FOR THE LIVES OF THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS, 1347"—BY HOWARD DAVIE.

4. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CARD: "ALFRED THE GREAT READING TO HIS MOTHER, QUEEN OSBURGA"—BY HOWARD DAVIE.
5. THE KING'S CARD: "THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR"—BY HOWARD DAVIE.
6. THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CARD: "HENRY VIII. EMBARKING ON THE 'GREAT HARRY' FOR THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD"—BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.

It should be said of the King's card that it illustrates the following incident: "In King Arthur's Great Hall at the Palace of Camelot was gathered a large company of Lords and Ladies and Knights to witness the ceremony of King Arthur admitting Sir Tristram—one of the best Knights and the gentlest—to the Fellowship of the Round Table. Sir Lancelot, a prominent figure on his white charger, stood sponsor for his friend." The Prince of Wales's card, for which, unfortunately, we have not room, bears the title, "The White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster," deals with the famous picking of white and red roses in the Temple Gardens, and is by J. Finnemore. Our reproductions are made, by courtesy of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, from the original Christmas cards specially painted by them for the King and Queen and for other royalties who have honoured them with commissions. The cards are those that were distributed last Christmas. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have just received permission to reproduce them for the use of the public. Previous publication was, of course, out of the question.

PROVING THAT THE AEROPLANE CAN SURVIVE A GALE: LATHAM FLYING ON HIS ANTOINETTE.



THE MEN OF THE AIR FELL A-FLYING AND A-BOBBING: SKETCHES AT THE BLACKPOOL AVIATION MEETING.

Our artist gives pride of place to Latham, who made so remarkable a flight in a gale the other day. Another incident here given shows Paulhan flying on his Farman aeroplane, the Gypaete, which he generously shared with Farman, as the latter had lost his own machine. Farman, from below, sees that one of the ailerons at the back ends of the planes is not working properly, and, running up with his men, shouts to Paulhan to descend. Rougier, on his Voisin, is seen ascending above Farman. When questioned once as to why he flies so high, he replied: "If the machine breaks one is killed all the same, whether falling from 60 ft. or 600 ft.; but at 600 ft. I can choose my own ground for landing." During windy weather, Roe, with his tiny yellow triplane, made some gallant attempts to fly, but the machine did little more than wave its tail in the air, or fly low for a short distance, touching ground from time to time. Leblanc, who made some good flights on his graceful Blériot monoplane, is represented making ready for a start.

DRAWN BY JOHN BRYAN.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

The Knowing Type.

What? In my last, if you remember, I promised to make it clear to old and young how to make love to the ten types of woman, and to take the Knowing Type first. It's a large order. But it will save me a vast amount of correspondence, d'y'see. All philanthropists are selfish, and perform their charitable acts for reasons of convenience. Now the Knowing Type of woman is like the halfpenny evening paper. She comes out early in the morning, knows all the news, and appeals specially to racing men, to cricketers, and to footballers. I'd better pass on. Otherwise I feel that I shall say something that I ought to say, but mustn't. The Knowing Type is born, not made. From her birth she has a loud laugh and wears a brooch with her initials on it, if possible in diamonds. Her pose is utter and total ignorance of all the rudimentary things of life. She knows nothing, bless you, and so asks questions with a wide blue eye which are calculated to make the hippo blush. If you don't know her, join the Phyllis Court Club, and you will find her there Leandered to the eyes. Or do a motor-tour round the seaside resorts and stand somewhere near the pier-head for half an hour.

When you see a dear little thing in short skirts, almost pink stockings, and a mushroom-hat which looks as though it had been put on backwards, carrying one little dog and holdin' bright conversation with another which trots at her heels, who glances strongly at you without bein' aware of the fact that you are alive, and before you can count thirty has passed—each time with the same strong but inattentive glance—at least five times, *That* is a knowin' woman. The whole type may be recognised instantly, d'y'see, by two points—the angel eyes and the shortness of the skirt. She may be found not only at Henley and at the seaside, but in University towns, garrison towns, Ranelagh and Hurlingham, and all places where youth congregates. I myself—I love sayin' I myself—have seen her, more than once, upon the golf links, always sweet and fresh, always inattentively attentive, always with another, always armed with Marconi's apparatus for the despatch of wireless messages to no one in particular.

How to Make Love to Her. Now, in makin' love to the knowin' type, I want you, if you will, to bear these things in mind, d'y'see; otherwise, b'Jove and b'George, there is a likelihood of trouble. Respect her pose; treat her from the beginning—for, mind you, the end comes quickly—as a village maiden. When she asks you the A.B.C. of life, because she wants to know, you know, answer up like a man in simple, direct, but Bowdlerised terms.

Well, for good or ill, here it goes. I said I would and I will, for I am unfortunately a man of my word.

Once you let her know that you know that she knows that you know, and you may as well pack up and leave the place. Is this too intricate? Is this flyin' out of your depth? Is this doin' a Blériot turn out of the shed, or must I go into details? Must I dilate and be diffuse? I think not. Believe me, I think not. I'm never quite sure what I'm goin' to say when I once begin; and, after all, there's the printer to be thought about. Therefore, to put it succinctly—what-

ever that may mean—make a note of this: If you wish to be successful in makin' love to a member of the Knowin' Type, don't make love to her. The more you want to do a thing, the less you must do it. The more sentimental you feel, the more practical must you become. Practise iciness. Be a pole. Do everything you know not to attract, and then, just at the moment that she is under the impression that you are not in the least interested, whip out "I love you," or words to that effect. And your expenses will begin.

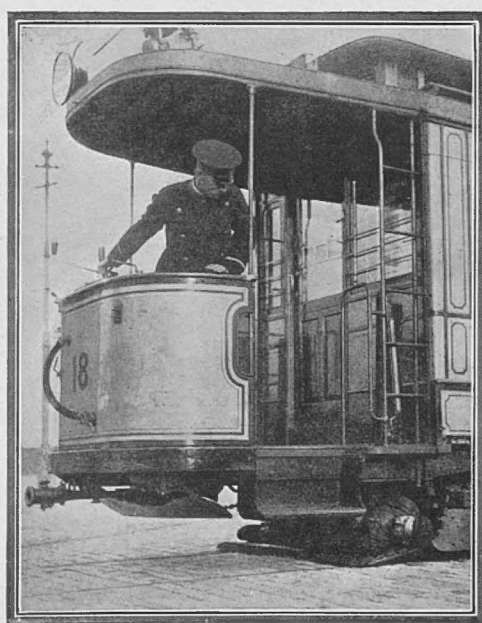


A NEW FORM OF FENCING FOR ENGLAND: KEN JITSU.

Japan, having given us ju-jitsu, is now, it would seem, to give us ken-jitsu, a kind of fencing. A display was given at Portsmouth the other night by members of the local Physical Training School. It will be noticed that the combatants use two-handed "swords," wear Japanese costume, and are, of course, well protected.—[Photograph by Owers.]

you must bear this well in mind. However knowin' a woman may be, she is a woman, for a' that. And every woman loves you to think that she is different from what she really is. And, mind you, a knowin' woman much regrets that she is knowin', and would give almost a yard of her hair to know nothin'. And mark this, because this is another golden rule. Havin' won your knowin' woman, still continue to cod, if you wish your period of probation to lead to one of permanency, and this I hope you will not wish. Permanency has its penalties. For, mind you, I'm talkin' about makin' love to the Knowin' Type, not bein' married to her. My *métier* is to

add a gleam of brightness to a dull world, not to give dissertations on the tragedies of life, and this I say here and now: I have nothing against the Knowin' Type. For myself, I find the Knowin' Type almost the most amusin' of all the types—of which, as I have said, there are ten. Makin' love to a member of the Knowin' Type is almost as good exercise, mental and physical, as playin' a set of tennis, single, against the beetroot-faced person who wins tournaments and writes testimonials to firms of quack medicines. You have to be always



MAKING COLLIDING WITH TRAMS A PLEASURE: THE NEW MAN-CATCHER ON BERLIN TRAM-CARS.

Photographs by Topical.

on the tips of your toes, or, to use a Varsityism, nippy. For the Knowin' Type, if I may be permitted to continue the tennis metaphor, plays a thunderin' good game and has a wonderful fine service.



THE CLUBMAN



Old Japanese Lacquer.

the French and British Governments, and the British share, of over four thousand pounds, has proved a very acceptable windfall for King Edward's Hospital Fund. I have little doubt that next year's exhibition, the Anglo-Japanese one, will be very successful, for the Japanese have for a long time been organising very quietly, but very thoroughly, this, the first European exhibition the responsibility for which is almost wholly on their shoulders. There is a great deal of priceless old Japanese lacquer in this country, bought by English travellers at a time when the Japanese, adopting the civilisation of the West, thought little of the works of their own Old Masters. For quite a considerable number of years the Japanese have been buying, both in London and Paris, any very fine Japanese paintings, or bronzes, or porcelain, or enamel, or lacquer, and sending these purchases back to Japan to be placed in the museums there. When the Japanese first established a Legation in Great Britain and began to make large purchases in this country, the present which was usually given to any British official who assisted them and guarded them against imposition was some small article of lacquer which was worth a hundred times its weight in gold. No doubt the Japanese Commissioners know the whereabouts of all these very valuable plaques and boxes, and we shall probably see them in the art section of the exhibition.

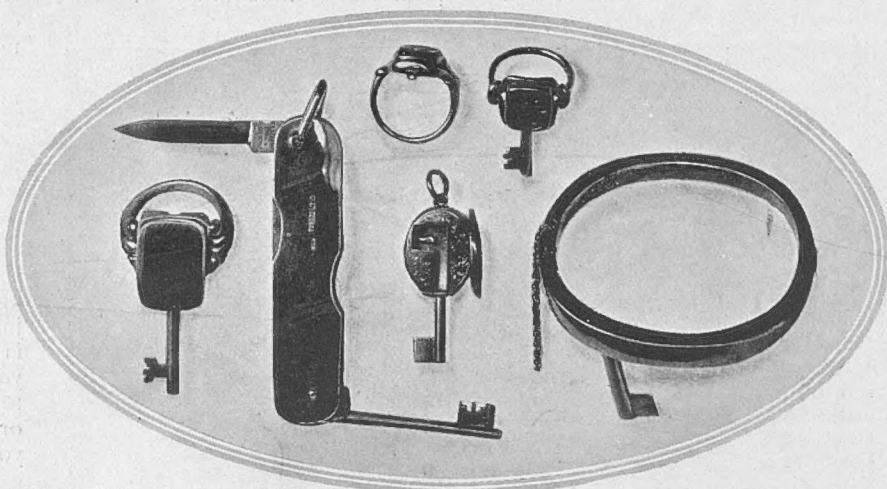
Japanese Swords.

The Japanese Government are going to send to this country many of the national treasures, the paintings and the bronzes which are preserved in temples. These we shall see in England far better than they are seen in Japan, for the interiors of the temples are generally in half-light, and in the scented gloom one has often to take on trust the beauty of a panel painted by an Old Master or the fine work of some monumental bronze. The greatest of all the treasures of a Japanese temple is as often as not neither a picture nor a bronze, but the sword of some great hero of the days when the two-handed

The surplus of many thousand pounds, the profits of the Anglo-French Exhibition at the White City, has been handed over to representatives of

blade was the national weapon. All the heroes had marvellous swords called by some fanciful name—"The Dragon Sting," or some other title calculated to impress plain men—and each great family supported a master-swordmaker, who spent his life, free from all cares as to lodging and food, making beautiful

blades for his master's clan. Usually these swords are not kept in the temple itself, but in the treasure-room in an inner court. One sits on the raised platform outside the heavily barred door, and a priest reverently brings forth a long bundle of silks. Undoing wrapping after wrapping, he at last produces the sword, long and curved, in its beautifully lacquered sheath. The priest draws it, and you see the shining blade with which the hero carved his way to fame.



TINY KEYS THAT OPEN GREAT DOORS: SAFE-KEYS IN SIGNET-RINGS, IN A BRACELET, AND A KNIFE.

Attention was called the other day to the fact that tiny keys made to open great doors can be carried in signet-rings. In point of fact, they are made also to fit into knives and into bracelets. The examples shown are the work of Messrs. Chubb.

processes of the making of a sword for a great nobleman were always attended with religious ceremonies, and the blade was looked upon as a thing almost human.

The Forging of the Sword.

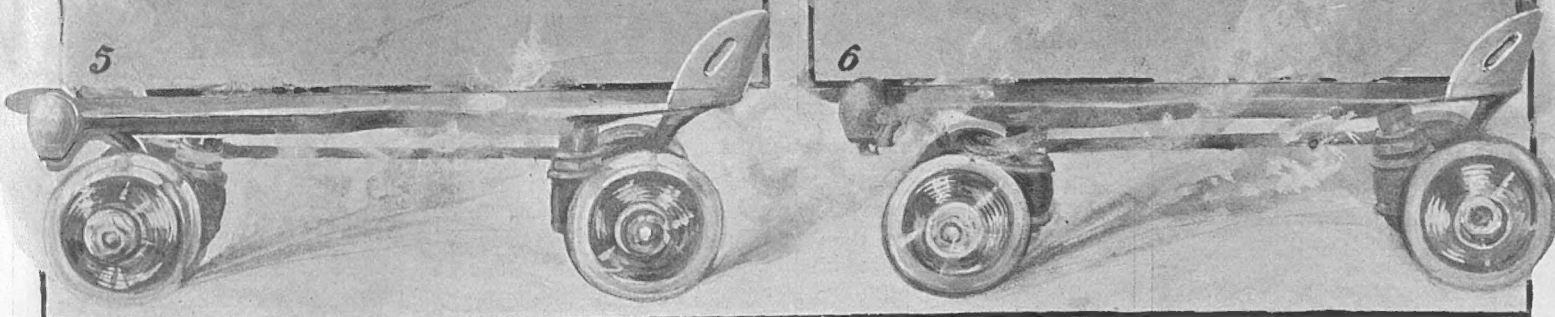
Each sword has its own legend attached to it—how when in the fire at its making it changed for a moment into a live snake, or some similar tale. The final processes of the making of a sword for a great nobleman were always attended with religious ceremonies, and the blade was looked upon as a thing almost human. The swords made by the masters of the trade had their likes and dislikes to different families. The blades made by Murasama were held to be unfriendly to the Tokugawa family, and no noble of that clan ever wore one. But the swords of Toshiro Yoshimitsu, on the other hand, would never harm a member of the Tokugawa family; and it is recorded that Iyeyasu, who was later to become Emperor, once in despair tried to commit hara-kiri with a Yoshimitsu blade, but it refused to cut. He tested it by slicing in twain an iron bowl, which it did easily, but it would not enter his flesh. These or similar tales the priest tells one as he holds the sword lovingly. A greater treasure still is the dirk with which some hero took his own life. Of course hara-kiri in Japan was looked upon as a noble death, and any great general after a defeat, or any great nobleman on whom any slight had been passed which could not be wiped out by a duel, was expected to slay himself. The dirk with which he did this became afterwards an object of reverence.



WOMEN WHO TAKE THE PLACE OF PIPES: FANTASTICALLY DRESSED WATER-CARRIERS OF ZANZIBAR.

The Sultan of Zanzibar recently introduced an excellent water-supply, and that without taxing the people. The women who carry the water have nothing to pay for the privilege, and so all the money they receive is clear profit.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

ROADS' SCHOLARS: ROLLER-SKATING ON THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY IN BERLIN.



1. AN OUTING ON WHEELS: THE ROLLER-SKATE CLUB IN BEING.

3. A BRANCH OF THE SPORT: IN THE OBSTACLE RACE.

5. ENERGY: MEN RACING.

2. THE ROLLER-SERPENT: A LINE OF SKATERS ON THE PUBLIC ROAD.

4. STYLE: PAIR-SKATING ON THE ROAD.

6. GRACE: WOMEN RACING.

Whatever microbe may look after the destiny of roller skates has bitten the German more thoroughly, or more often, than he has bitten the English, for so great has been the spread of the craze, in Berlin especially, that the police have had to make special regulations to control it. The German has the advantage of being able to skate on the public roads; hence many "roads' scholars," many experts of the roads.—[Photographs by Topical.]



CAPTAIN W. E. FOSTER, D.S.O.,
Whose Wedding to Miss Evelyn M. Cammell
took place yesterday (Tuesday).
Photograph by Houlton Bros.

Turin, the Cavaliere is Second Secretary at Berne, and there he and his bride will reside after their honeymoon. Miss Violet Kay is a daughter of Mr. Frederick Kay, of Lancaster Gate. She is a poetess, and some of her verse has been set to music by the Landgraf of Hesse. Her marriage will take place at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, in the presence of a very distinguished company.—Mr. Robert Barbour, who marries to-morrow Miss Ida Lavington Payne, is the only son of Mr. George Barbour, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire. Miss Payne is the only daughter of Mr. Arthur Lavington Payne, of The Manor House, Mobberley, Cheshire. The wedding is to take place in the private chapel at Cally, Gate House of Fleet, N.B.

Nevill-Larnach. Miss Larnach will have a pretty wedding on Saturday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the daughter of the well-known sportsman, Mr. J. W. Larnach, and since her debut she has often entertained her father's friends in his delightful country place. Through her mother, the late Lady Isabel Larnach, she is a niece of Lord Cork. Mr. Guy Nevill, her bridegroom, is the son of Lord and Lady George Nevill, and therefore a grandson of the venerable Lord Abergavenny. He was for a time in the Scots Guards, and he may be regarded in a sense as heir to the family marquissate, owing to the fact that Lord Henry Nevill has no son. The King is acquainted with both young people, and has presented Mr. Nevill's bride with a beautiful diamond-and-emerald pendant.

A Giving-Away.

It is nearly ten years since the late Lord

Airlie was killed in action at Diamond Hill. His daughter Helen was then only ten years old; in November, in all probability, she is to be married to her cousin, Captain Mitford, who is a popular officer in her late father's regiment, and who was himself wounded, and severely wounded, in the Boer War. Needless to say, the little girl of Corthachy Castle was not then

allowed to grieve too much over the tragic tidings of that period, nor did she realise at the time the importance to her of the letters that brought news of Captain Mitford's recovery. Lady Helen's brother, the present Earl, is only sixteen, and a rather interesting domestic problem arises as to the age at which a brother may "give away" his elder sister—in this case a particularly handsome gift.

The Umbrella Season.

umbrellas that were not stolen. A lady, on leaving a 'bus, absent-mindedly grasped the umbrella that leant against her knee, whereupon she was told by a fellow-passenger that it did not belong to her, and she left the vehicle in some embarrassment. Being blushfully haunted by umbrellas for the rest of the day, she ended by gathering up the disabled family specimens that lurked in her own hall, and set out with some half-dozen in her arms for the repairer's shop near by. "I see you've had a successful day," said a haughty voice at her elbow. She turned—to encounter once more her fellow-passenger of the morning.

The Hon. Mrs. Jolliffe's stolen umbrella somewhat irrelevantly reminds us of a story of umbrellas that were not stolen. A lady, on leaving a 'bus, absent-mindedly grasped the umbrella that leant against her knee, whereupon she was told by a fellow-passenger that it did not belong to her, and she left the vehicle in some embarrassment. Being blushfully haunted by umbrellas for the rest of the day, she ended by gathering up the disabled family specimens that lurked in her own hall, and set out with some half-dozen in her arms for the repairer's shop near by. "I see you've had a successful day," said a haughty voice at her elbow. She turned—to encounter once more her fellow-passenger of the morning.

The Peel Estate. "Sir Robert presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and from this place of profound tranquillity and repose, etc.," wrote the

Minister on quitting office in 1846. "Drayton must be most soothing, etc.," came Victoria's reply; but the present proprietor is not allowed to hold his home in peace. Sir Robert is particularly anxious that it should be known that he has not disposed of, and has no intention of disposing of, Drayton Manor. Some portions of the Tamworth estate have been sold for about £36,000, but no tranquil sod of earth close enough to the abode of profound repose to allow of its being described as a Peel heirloom was included in the sale. By the way, the journalist who indulged in a little ancient history apropos of the sale, and reminded us that the members of the police force are called "Peelers," after the Minister who founded it, seems to have himself forgotten that the more familiar "Bobby" also derives from the great man's Christian name.



MISS EVELYN M. CAMMELL,
Whose Wedding to Captain W. E. Foster
took place yesterday (Tuesday).
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
TO MARRY MISS VIOLET KAY TO-DAY
(WEDNESDAY): CAVALIERE ALBERTO GODIO.



Photograph by Keturah Collings.
TO MARRY MR. R. BARBOUR TO-MORROW
(THURSDAY): MISS IDA LAVINGTON PAYNE.



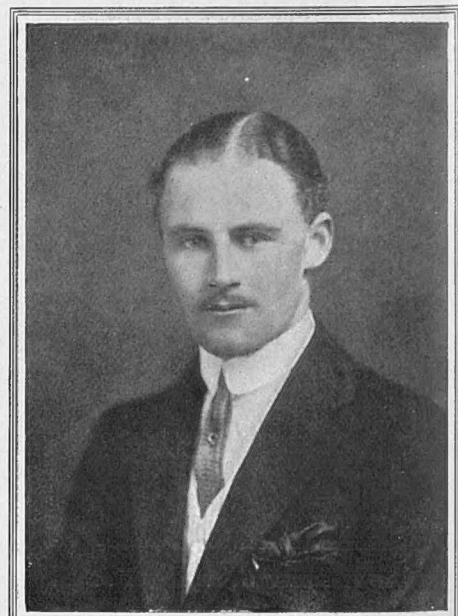
Photograph by Bassano.
TO MARRY CAVALIERE ALBERTO GODIO
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS VIOLET KAY.



Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.
TO MARRY MISS IDA LAVINGTON PAYNE
TO-MORROW (THURSDAY):
MR. ROBERT BARBOUR.



Photograph by Bassano.
TO MARRY MR. GUY NEVILL ON SATURDAY:
MISS LARNACH.



Photograph by Buckland.
TO MARRY MISS LARNACH ON SATURDAY:
MR. GUY NEVILL.

AN ENGLISHMAN DISCOVERS THE NORTH POLE!



LITTLE TICH IN HIS NORTH POLE DISCOVERY SONG, AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Little Tich, so he says, is the third person to discover the North Pole. He is recounting his adventures at the London Pavilion, and, curiously enough, has not yet been challenged as to his veracity. He finds the Arctic regions particularly soothing, owing to the abnormal-length of the nights.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



THE MOST SERIOUS OF SOCIETY POETESSES: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Lady Margaret Sackville, whose marriage, it is now announced, will not take place, is perhaps the most serious of Society poetesses. She is keenly interested in the Poetry Recital Society, which has for object, to quote Lady Margaret's own words, that of giving "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it." The President of the P.R.S. has written some very charming verse herself, and it is said that she is now engaged in an important poetic drama.

Photograph by Lafayette.

were taken with his education. Both at Eton and at Oxford he was known as an athlete as well as a scholar, and in place of idleness he chose the rather arduous profession of an electrical engineer. Lord Verulam takes his title from the old Roman city, now represented by St. Albans.

Lady Violet Brabazon.

Lady Violet Brabazon, who to-day becomes Viscountess Grimston, is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Meath. As is natural in one who is the child of so serious a couple, Lady Violet is interested in many things apart from Society, and after her marriage she is likely to play a considerable part in the philanthropic world. As Lady Meath is not strong, Lady Violet has been chaperoned by her sister, Lady Mary Holt. It is a curious fact that the ancestors of both Lord

Grimston and his bride fought side by side at the Battle of Hastings.

A King's Banquet.

Once upon a time, at Dolly's, an eating-house in Paternoster Row, two gentlemen had for dinner beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented. "Quite reasonable," said one. "Yes," said the other, "but I have no money." "Neither have I," returned his friend. The first speaker was Stanislaus, the future King of Poland; the second, Colonel Frederick, the son of Theodore, King

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

VISCOUNT GRIMSTON, the heir of Lord Verulam, who is to be married to-day to Lady Violet Brabazon, daughter of Lord Meath, may be counted among those future peers who are likely to render good service to their country. Perhaps because he was an only son, exceptional pains

of Corsica. Colonel Frederick's poverty ultimately drove him to suicide; but he left children who found London a less harsh step-mother than he had found her; probably many persons bearing the name of Clarke (his daughter married a Clarke) will read Mr. Bain's "Life of the last King of



Photograph by Lafayette.

MUCH INTERESTED IN AVIATION: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

It was rumoured the other day that Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was to take a flight in an aeroplane (as passenger, of course). Her Royal Highness has been paying a good many country-house visits this autumn. She has become a very enthusiastic golfer, and while staying with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at Greywalls, she played every day on the famous Gullane Links.



Photograph by Lallie Charles.

ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE FRANCIS GREY GILLIAT: LADY ANGLESEY.

Lady Anglesey's engagement to Mr. George Francis Grey Gilliat has aroused much interest in Society. Lady Anglesey is the elder daughter of Sir George Chetwynd; she is very beautiful, and, at the time of her marriage to the late Lord Anglesey, she was said to have the finest collection of gems in the United Kingdom. Her fiancé is owner of Honington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour.



Photograph by Lafayette.

MARRIED TO MISS DOROTHY JOHNSON: MR. DUNCAN SCHWANN, M.P.

An important political wedding took place yesterday (October 26) at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the bridegroom being Mr. Duncan Schwann, M.P., eldest son of Sir Charles Schwann; and the bride, Miss Dorothy Johnson, daughter of the late Captain R. H. Johnson, and of Mrs. Lowe, of Burlingham House, Norfolk.

for four years widow, is to marry Mr. John Gilliat—like her father, Sir George Chetwynd, a gentleman of Warwickshire. Lady Anglesey is a granddaughter of the second, as well as the widow of the fifth, Marquess of Anglesey; and she has therefore a double reason for retaining her title, especially while her cousin, the present Marquess, paying no heed to the sighs caused by his good looks, remains a bachelor, and thus abstains from creating a reigning Lady Anglesey of his own.

The Sulking Sultan. The Sultan of Morocco has replied with Gladstonian eloquence to the growls against his infliction of tortures, and he has, of course, precedents

enough for giving prisoners over to the lions or to prison-doctors. We find Lord Dunfermline writing thus—

"I have found nothing so profitable as to be careful that the offenders be kept very quiet, and at a very sober diet, that they be closed up where they never see light and misbknow the day from the night. This sobers their minds. When occasion shall seem of Torture, the slower it be used the more is gotten by it." Let us hasten to add that this was in the reign of James I.



MISTRESS OF THE LARGEST PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE KINGDOM: LADY FITZWILLIAM.

Lady Fitzwilliam, who is mistress of the largest private house in the kingdom—for such is the distinctive feature of Wentworth Woodhouse—is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland. She inherits her gift as a hostess from her mother, and entertains largely not only in the immense mansion which is within easy distance of Doncaster, but also in Ireland. Lady Fitzwilliam is fond of outdoor life, and especially of hunting, but she is also a clever amateur actress and an exquisite dancer.

Photograph by Thomson.

Poland" less for his own sake than for the sake of his companion of the Paternoster Row tavern.

The Future of Lady Anglesey.

The Marchioness of Anglesey, who has been



TO BE MARRIED TO VISCOUNT GRIMSTON, TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): LADY VIOLET BRABAZON, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY MEATH.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO BE MARRIED TO LADY VIOLET BRABAZON TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): VISCOUNT GRIMSTON, HEIR OF LORD VERULAM.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE RIGHT ROOM FOR STUMP ORATORS: THE BIG TREE
IN A CALIFORNIA HOTEL.

Photograph by A. Inkersley.



WARRANTED QUIET TO RIDE OR DRIVE: MOUNTED ON
AN ENGLISH BULL.

Photograph by F. M. Sutcliffe.



IN FULL DRESS: A HORSE PROTECTED FROM THE TSETSE-FLY.

The correspondent who sends the photograph says: "The tsetse-fly in parts of Rhodesia is very dangerous to all domestic animals. The above photograph shows to what a length settlers have to go in order to protect their animals from the dreaded disease when transporting them through the fly-belts to farms not infested with the tsetse. The horse here shown is dressed for the journey."



A RESULT OF HORSE-PLAY: A HOLE KNOCKED IN A WALL
BY A RUNAWAY.

The pedestrian and the horseman, looking at this damage, would no doubt say that it was caused by an erratic motor-car. The motorist will be glad to learn that a runaway horse was responsible for it. Some four yards of masonry were knocked into the adjoining field, but, as may be noted, the coping of the wall remained in place.

Photograph by Alex. Scott.



THE TURKISH BATH OF ARIZONA: AN INDIAN
"SWEAT-HOUSE."

When in use, the house is covered with blankets, and the bather sits on the leaves and twigs shown. The stones before him are made red-hot. The bath being closed, water is poured on the red-hot stones, so that steam arises in a blinding veil. The bath is much favoured as a cure for various ills by the Indians of Arizona, New Mexico, California, and other parts of the Pacific West.

Photograph by A. Inkersley.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

A Protean Play. "A Protean Play" sounds a fearful wildfowl, but means no more than a piece in which Mr. de Vries changes his costume and make-up, to some extent his character, six times in about twenty minutes. In fact, "A Dumb Man's Curse" is a "sketch" written round Mr. de Vries. This kind of thing belongs to the halls, not the theatre, and it is written with a crudity and artlessness which suggests that it was not originally intended for the legitimate stage. Managers often grumble at the alleged lack of new dramatists and talented young players. The "curtain-raiser" is really the breeding-ground of both. Quite a number of dramatists began their career with the one-act play—for instance, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. L. N. Parker; while numbers of young actors and actresses have shown their mettle in a *lever-de-rideau*. What a pity, then, that some managers are so short-sighted as to neglect the comedi-etta. It certainly is not because there is a dearth of meritorious short plays, for during the last few years many have been presented by the theatrical societies that well deserve to be put on for a run. "A Dumb Man's Curse" at least has the merit of playing the foil effectively to Mr. R. C. Carton's entertaining farce "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," which follows it and amuses everybody.

"The Little Damsel" at Wyndham's. "In Gay Bohemi-ah" was the phrase in the song, but Bohemia rarely seems gay on the stage. Indeed, it is very difficult to stage the Bohemia of real life, concerning which middle-aged people who have—or have not—been sojourners in it delight to tell sham reminiscences to the young. Mr. Monckton Hoffe, a new author, has tried the task, and, according to some critics, has triumphed. According to others, he has merely written a purely theatrical comedy concerning a set of unpleasant people. I cannot tell who is right, but if the author is persuaded to believe the statement which I read in one paper—"All the members of this little Soho under-world are agreeable, life-like, lovable in their own ways"—he is doomed as a dramatist. I do not think he will be persuaded to believe anything of the sort concerning his quartet of middle-aged men, one of them at best a "waster," and the other three vile enough to engage in a dirty conspiracy to lure a girl by false pretences into marrying the worst of them. He receives fifteen thousand pounds for his share in a job even worse than the little affair that caused him to be "warned off" the Turf and kicked out of his clubs and the society of decent people. There is a peculiar form of myopia connected with the stage that causes people to take strange views as to conduct, but it hardly explains an acceptance of these bounders as "lovable." I expected to read a howl about the sordidness of the piece, and its heroine who used to sit up whole nights with the habitués of the Café

Angélique playing "hunt the slipper," and lo! it is regarded as a pretty picture of fairyland.

Fairyland
Bohemia.

It is a fairyland view of Bohemia, for everything is topsy-turvy; but I should like to see Mr. Hoffe's talent, which is substantial, employed in a play more faithful to life. Wit and a sense of the stage, are valuable qualities which do not take a dramatist the whole way nowadays; sincerity and truth of observation are needed. Perhaps the sincerity is there, and the author believed in his people and their conduct, and merely requires to have his eyes opened. He has begun with a play that had a favourable reception and contains some good acting-parts. Miss May Blayney, as leading lady, earned great applause by her clever, earnest work, and promises to be a very valuable young actress. Mr. Charles Hawtrey played the lighter passages admirably; but some of us fail to enjoy his work in sentimental scenes, and during the last act he had to pile on the sentimental thickly—indeed, we had a debauch of sentiment, and nearly all the characters were tearful during the whole of that act. Mr. Vane-Tempest played the "waster" excellently, in his peculiar way. Mr. Lyle acted very ably as the villain of the play, and gave a strong picture of the unscrupulous, lying brute. Mr. Arthur Playfair represented the café-proprietor skilfully, and made a "hit" by his little bit of pathos, and three rather tiresome Germans were well played by Messrs. Druce, Thesiger, and Rose.

"The
Mountaineers"
Second Edition.

Plays differ from books in that the appearance of a second edition is not as a rule evidence of success. "The Mountaineers" at first was a little flat, so the critics said, and the box office probably confirmed them. Some high lights were needed, and they were added the other night. Perhaps the work has lost something of homogeneity, the hall-mark of the Savoy: it certainly has gained in gaiety. In fact, the piece—which has been more discussed because some incidental remarks in a criticism upon

it led to the differences between Mr. George Edwards and the *Westminster Gazette* than because of its brilliance—now forms a charming, exhilarating comic opera. Mr. Arthur Wimperis—poet laureate, I fancy, of *The Follies*—has been called in and done wonders. There is no need to discuss the development of Mr. Workman's part or the new numbers, the most successful and attractive of which is a song for Miss Jessie Rose—

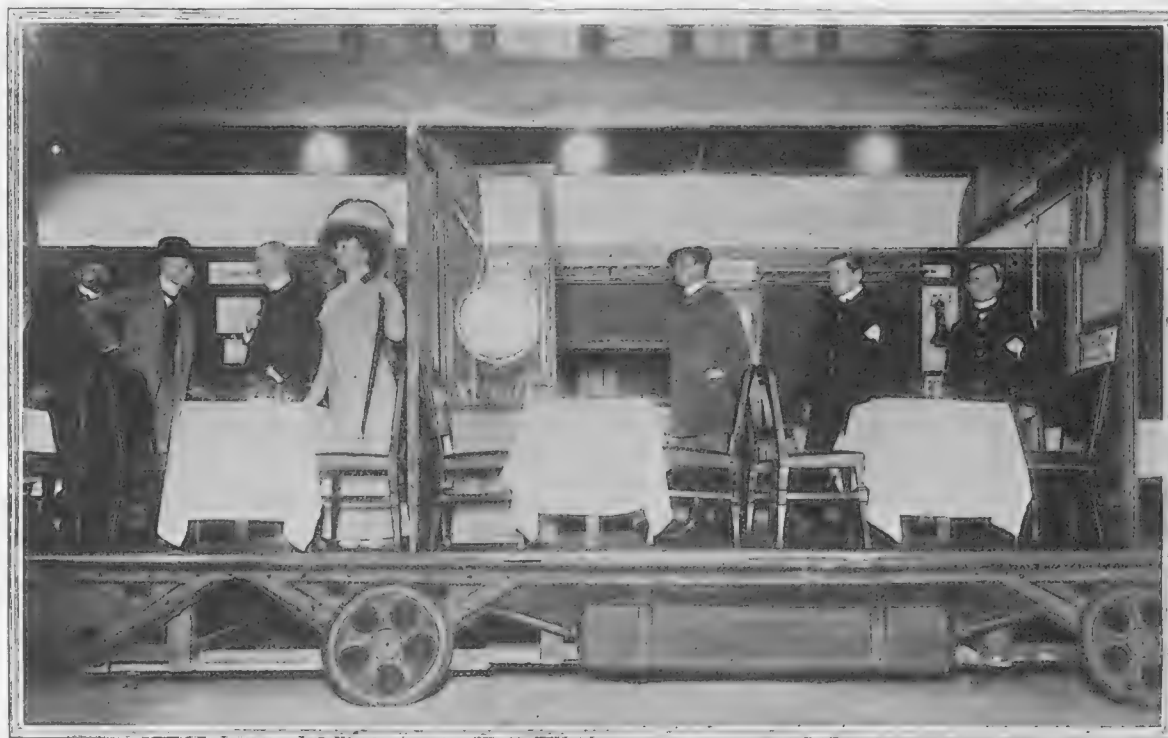
who had been under-worked—in which she tells of her conquests, and in the telling conquers the audience by her charm and vivacity. And, of course, cuts have been made, and the whole affair has been tightened up till it is now as fit as a fiddle.



COMPOSER OF "LA DANSE NOIRE," AND
(NEED WE SAY?) OF "THE MERRY WIDOW
WALTZ": HERR FRANZ LEHAR.

The fact that Herr Lehar is the composer of the music for "La Danse Noire," which is given in "Ma Gosse," appears somewhat remarkable when it is remembered that it was he who composed "The Merry Widow Waltz." Few things could be further removed than these two.

Photograph by E. Bieber.



A RAILWAY DINING-CAR ON THE STAGE: AN INGENIOUS SCENE FROM THE COMEDY "KAVALIER"
AT THE THALIA THEATRE, HAMBURG.

Photograph by A. Scherl.

BE FAT OR THIN AT WILL!

MARVELLOUS "EXTREME" MAKE-UPS BY MR. CAVENDISH MORTON.



1. DON QUIXOTE: THE FIRST STAGE. 2. DON QUIXOTE: THE SECOND STAGE. 3. DON QUIXOTE: THE THIRD STAGE. 4. DON QUIXOTE: THE FOURTH STAGE.
 5. DON QUIXOTE: THE COMPLETE MAKE-UP. 6. FALSTAFF: THE COMPLETE MAKE-UP.
 7. FALSTAFF: THE FIRST STAGE. 8. FALSTAFF: THE SECOND STAGE. 9. FALSTAFF: THE THIRD STAGE. 10. FALSTAFF: THE FOURTH STAGE.

Mr. Cavendish Morton, so well known to our readers as photographer, is a master of make-up, and has just published a most interesting fully-illustrated work on "The Art of Theatrical Make-Up." By his courtesy, we are able to reproduce these photographs of what he describes as "extreme," or, somewhat exaggerated, make-ups. In both cases (as throughout the book), Mr. Morton himself is shown. In the case of Don Quixote, the make-up was so designed as to make the face as long and as thin as possible. The head was lengthened by a third. In the case of Falstaff, the chief intention was to give great additional breadth to the head and face. Hence the use of false cheeks and chin, and much nose-paste. The silk shown in the photograph No. 8 is that from which the cheeks and double chin were formed. (See article elsewhere in this number.)

Reproduced from Mr. Cavendish Morton's "The Art of Theatrical Make-Up," by permission of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Flaming Patriotism.

The protracted struggle which Japanese soldiers had at Nagasaki with a party of British seamen out on the spree the other day exemplifies the change which has come over the Japanese with regard to foreign relations. In days which the middle-aged can remember no foreigner would

have got into that city unattended, if at all. Nagasaki was the scene of one of the events figuring most prominently in the heroic history of the country. When Spain had a navy and Japan had not, a big three-decker flying the Spanish ensign appeared in the harbour. This was against the orders of the Mikado, for an outrage had recently been committed by the Spaniards upon Japanese. The big ship was at once beset by swarms of Japanese in their boats. They climbed the steep sides of the vessel and fought her crew hand-to-hand. The Spaniards blew up their upper deck and hurled their assailants into the water. But the Japs returned and won the second deck, which in turn was blown up. Then the third deck was attacked, and in the end the galleon, with defenders and assailants alike, sank in the waters, the flaming patriotism of the Japanese, as Sir Ian Hamilton calls it, costing them three thousand men.

The Cursing Tariff.

It is wonderful that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not sought, in his

swear themselves black in the face without the satisfaction of a fine to follow. But they must not be obscene.

Liberal Terms.

Fortunate owners of prize-winners at the Bulldog Society's Show, which opens to-day will doubtless not lack opportunity to convert their pets into money. But as there is many a slip betwixt the pup and the cheque, they may not be unwilling to be apprised of one form of bargain which our beloved cousin from across the Atlantic is prepared to drive. Mr. R. J. L. Price, a name dear to the doggy man, was the intended victim of as cool a scheme as one need wish to learn. He had a storming good pointer which was invincible in the show-ring, and was famous as well in the field and as the sire of pointers worthy to rank with him. When the dog was still at his best, his owner received a cable asking if the dog were for sale. The owner, fancying that he saw £500 within reach, replied, "Certainly. What do you offer?" Back from the States came the reply, "Half his winnings in this country." The pointer stayed at home.

A Lead from the West.

The recent meeting of Presidents Taft and Diaz was an event whose picturesqueness and significance the *Times* alone of English papers seems to have noted. We are too busy with Ferrer riots and terrors brewing for the Tsar. Yet the battle which appears destined to be

A MOST UNPOPULAR THING AS A VERY POPULAR COSTUME: THE "NOBODY WANTS ME" BUDGET DRESS.

Everything is Budget nowadays. We eat Budget, drink Budget, and think Budget. Therefore, it is not surprising that one at least of us should wear Budget, be it only for fancy-dress balls. The unfortunate thing about such costume is that, being made of paper, it is somewhat perishable; most hope the Budget itself is. It would not be wise, perhaps, for adopters of the dress to wear it in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, or, shall we say, of Farringdon Street, for it may be presumed that those whose business it is to preach social revolution one and all favour Mr. Lloyd-George's greatest and most unpopular effort. — [Photograph by Park.]



SHOULD MILKMEN BOYCOTT BICYCLES? DETERMINING THE PERCENTAGE OF FAT IN MILK.

We quite expect to see before long a poster bearing the query, "Should milkmen boycott bicycles?" Our reasons for this expectation are explained by the photograph, which shows a new German patent designed to determine the percentage of fat present in milk. The use of an expensive centrifugal apparatus is not called for. All that is required is an ordinary bicycle. The Butzometers, filled with milk, are clipped between the spokes of a wheel, and the bicycle is turned upside down. The wheel is then revolved rapidly by the turning of the pedals; and the fat is thrown out of the milk.

Photograph by F. O. Koch.

quest for revenue, to put in force an Act which fixes the prices for swearing. It is all regulated quite pleasantly by an Act of George II. A day labourer, a common soldier, a sailor, or seaman forfeits 1s. per oath; every other person "under the degree of a gentleman," 2s.; and every person "above the degree of a gentleman," 5s. The penalty for a repetition is double these sums; for a third, treble, and so forth. If you rip out in the presence of a magistrate, he may convict you on the spot, no matter where or when it be; and should you lack versatility and be driven to repetition, he may impose the fine as often as the condemned word be used. It should interest the gentle Suffragettes to learn that, by another grave injustice to their sex, women are ignored by this Act; they may



CRICKET ON A LINER: SIR A. CONAN DOYLE BOWLING ON THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE." Lady Doyle played alternately the parts of wicket-keeper and bowler. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play, "The House of Temperley: a Melodrama of the Ring," is to follow "The Servant in the House," at the Adelphi. It is founded on certain incidents from his well-known novel, "Rodney Stone." — [Photograph by Halfpenny.]

fought in Spain has already been fought out in Mexico, and Mexico, the miracle of South America, stands where she does because of that battle. Diaz had for his friend in boyhood Benito Juarez, a barefooted Indian boy, a menial in a monastic establishment. Each of the boys was afterwards to serve as President of the land which was too strong for the hapless Maximilian. Juarez first climbed to the dignity, and Diaz, his erstwhile friend, was his bitterest enemy. Juarez settled the Clerical question. He shattered the temporal power of the Church and laid waste her monasteries; and President Diaz has built upon the foundations which his enemy thus laid.

WASTED EXCITEMENT.



THE AUDIENCE (not in the know): Hooray! The Amateur's got him—No! Yes! The Professor wins! Hooray! Hooray.
 THE PROFESSOR (to his opponent, in dulcet tones): Missus asked me ter bring you round ter supper as usual, Jim.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Importance of Being Earnest.

It is frequently said in the Green Room that understudying rarely gets a man any "forwarder." Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, however, who is a member of the company supporting Mr. Cyril Maude (who reappears in "The Flag Lieutenant," at the Playhouse, next Monday), has every reason to argue against the truth of the statement, for he owes much of the success which has come to him to understudying. It was at the time that "The Second in Command" was running at the Haymarket and he was selected as Mr. Cyril Maude's second understudy. One day, a rehearsal of the second understudies was called, and as the possibility of any of the members engaged being required to deputise for the regular actors was rather remote, seeing that the first understudies would always be called upon before them, the young actors and actresses engaged were not, perhaps, quite as serious as they might otherwise have been. At all events, Mr. Mainwaring has been heard to confess that on that occasion he certainly was not as much in earnest as he might have been. After the rehearsal was over Mr. John Harwood went up to him and told him that Mr. Maude had been watching the rehearsal from a corner of the house where he was unseen, and added: "He wants to have a word with you." Under the circumstances, it need hardly be said that the young actor was anything but pleased with himself. He went off to Mr. Maude's room, calling himself every kind of an idiot for not having been as earnest as usual on this occasion, and expecting a serious reprimand. His pleasant surprise may be imagined when Mr. Maude ended the conversation by saying: "I have been watching the rehearsal, and I want to know what you will take to play the part on tour." Mr. Mainwaring was so amazed that he asked three pounds a week less than, as he afterwards learnt, he could have got. He has, however, never regretted his mistake, for it was the beginning of his luck, which has never deserted him.

"Three Lovely Black Eyes."

There were only two in the once-popular song, but in this paragraph there are three. Among the members of the repertoire company organised at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, by Mr. Arthur Wareing (who has just discovered a new author in the person of Mr. Harold Brighouse), is Mr. M. R. Morand. Some years ago, when he was acting in a musical comedy called "The Brigands," the wad of the weapon fired at him by the heroine unfortunately hit him, with the result that one of his eyes was blackened. While the bruise was still apparent, the company moved

on to the next town, where he had engaged rooms in a little inn. On his arrival, the landlady begged him to share a room with another gentleman, as the occupant of the room reserved for him had postponed his departure. As there was no other accommodation available, Mr. Morand made a virtue of necessity; but on being shown to his room, he found not two beds in it, but three. As, however, the two other occupants were actors, one of whom he knew, he made no complaint. In the morning, when they awoke, Mr. Morand's acquaintance asked how he was, and suddenly noticed his black eye, which he had not seen the night before, when the room was lighted only by a candle. At the same moment, Mr. Morand noticed that his friend also had a black eye. The conversation as to how Mr. Morand came by his black eye awakened the third occupant of the room, who sat up in bed and disclosed that he too was the unhappy possessor of what the prize-fighters call "a discoloured optic." The situation was certainly ridiculous—three occupants of a room, each with a black eye. Explanations ensued, when it appeared that the other two had come by their unfortunate possession not in the beaten way of business on the stage, but through a friendly sparring-match, in which they had gone one another with more valour than discretion.

"AMERICA'S LITTLEST STAR": MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, WHO HAS BEEN APPEARING AT THE PALACE.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



Proving His Own Identity.

Mr. Henri de Vries (who has just made his reappearance at the West End in "The Dumb Man's Curse,"

at the Criterion Theatre) is, as every playgoer knows, exceedingly skilful in changing his identity on the stage. This skill once compelled him to do something in self-defence which he regards as absolutely inartistic. He was playing "A Case of Arson" in New York, and all had gone well until he came to the scene in which the little grocer has to give evidence. All of a sudden, there was a disturbance in front of the house. It began with a low murmur, and gradually grew in intensity until he could plainly distinguish the words, "It isn't he, I tell you, it isn't he," spoken by one man arguing with another. The audience, which was disturbed, "hushed" to no purpose. Then the voice cried, "I am sure it is not de Vries." Mr. de Vries



A GRUESOME SENSATION THAT ENDS IN LAUGHTER: "LA DANSE NOIRE" IN "MA GOSSE" AT THE PALACE.

"Ma Gosse" is an extremely sensational and gruesome little sketch which ends, most unexpectedly, in laughter. In it is given "La Danse Noire," which is on the lines of the Apache Dance, but even more lurid. "Ma Gosse" has been adapted for the English stage—and very well adapted—by Mr. John N. Raphael.—[Photograph by Bert.]

saw at once that the only way to quell the disturbance was to prove his own identity. Stopping the dialogue, he removed his wig, rose from his chair, and spoke a few words of assurance in his own voice. Then, turning away from the audience, he replaced his wig and resumed the manner, voice, and appearance of the grocer. The effect was electrical. The house shook with applause, and the audience had additional and unexpected proof of the actor's skill

FOR THOSE WHO ARE FEELING PEEKY.



A FREE SUGGESTION FOR A POPULAR COMPANY: VACUUM-CLIMBING IN LONDON.

Our Artist suggests that the City man who is in need of exercise might find such a contrivance as the one illustrated of considerable value to him.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Byron again. I am one of his devotees, and no long time ever passes me by without some communing with him. His earlier poems of sentiment I care but little for, though they have been stupidly depreciated by those who forget that expressions which were sincere when they were first used may seem unreal when imitators have made them hackneyed. The plays I have scarcely looked at since I first read them. But "Don Juan" is my frequent intimate; "Beppo" and "The Vision of Judgment" I dip into pretty often, and now and then I take a volume of the Letters—some of the very best, for their humour and intellect and frankness, in the language—to bed with me and read it late. Very well; but even I can have enough of books about Byron. I don't know how many I have read: if I had kept them all they would make a decent library. Also, I have read a good many essays in magazines and reviews—and, I confess, have written some few myself. So that when I saw announced yet another book about Byron—Mr. Richard Edgcumbe's "Byron: the Last Phase" (Murray)—I was not overwhelmed with joy. I have read it, however, and most interesting it is. But I do not propose to discuss it here. The last part of it is concerned with that deplorable part of the poet's life which ended in his separation from his wife, and that is altogether too difficult and delicate a theme for this column. Mr. Edgcumbe's purpose is to refute the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte" with a different explanation of certain facts and letters. I am sorry to say he does not convince me on the evidence adduced. Both explanations are painful to an extreme degree, though Mr. Edgcumbe's is the less painful of the two. It is deeply interesting, and that is all I can say on the subject.

Missolonghi. The other part of the book should be equally interesting to most readers, and a great deal more agreeable. It was less interesting to me because I was acquainted with the material of it before, but I am not everybody. It deals with the last phase of Byron's life—the expedition to Greece—and with the sad, heroic time at Missolonghi, where he died. If anyone still thinks of Byron as, apart from his poems, merely a vicious voluptuary, this book should disabuse him of that foolish idea for ever. He showed all the qualities which we respect in the national character, the qualities which have made England—endurance, courage, self-denial, the power of attracting the devotion of his followers. As Lord Sidney Osborne said: "If Byron had never written a line in his life he had done enough, during the last six months in Greece, to immortalise his name." It is a most moving picture, that death in the horrible little swampy town, and Mr. Edgcumbe brings it vividly before us.

Mr. Max Beerbohm. To a lighter theme, and one on which I can write without reserve. Mr. Max Beerbohm's book of essays, "Yet Again" (Chapman and Hall), is a delight and a treasure. I read everything he writes, and had read all the essays in this book before, but even I was hardly prepared for the cumulative effect of a dainty and exquisite, but strong and clear-cut personality. There is always the distinct point of view, and the conclusion—explicit or implicit—is always found impartially by an original mind. Of course, Mr. Beerbohm very often contents him-

self with a mere airy dance round some fantastic theme—*c'est son métier*, at least for the present. Also certain matters, political or national, of moment to us others, do not seem to engage his emotions. But only a fool could read this book and not perceive that its author was by no means absorbed by appearances—quite otherwise, indeed. The realities of life, the significance of character—all that means very much to his intellectual interests, whatever it means to his personal feelings. And I trust sincerely I shall not damage his reputation if I add that the play of his fancy is never inconsistent with two strong qualities of his mind and temperament, a sound judgment and a kindly heart. "Max" keeps his ferocity for his caricatures, or for a few of them. And even when they appear ferocious it is merely because a delicate vision insists on expression, and ugly appearances sometimes hint to us of ugly qualities beneath; that is not "Max's" fault, he is a caricaturist and draws accordingly. In his essays Mr. Beerbohm is gentle and urbane and considerate: a child might play with him. I am delighted that he has collected them; the style alone, so nice and accurate and individual, while so easy and limpid, made them far too precious for fugitive periodicals. Well!

his favourite interjection—I will not spoil this little eulogy with instances and comparisons, or shame my own manner with quotations, but let the baldness of my untutored praises plead their sincerity.

"The Mount." Mr. C. F. Keary is a novelist in whom one may always look for a consistently high level of achievement. His books are not sensational, and their interest is not to be gleaned in a hasty reading. Sometimes he seems, if I may say so, a little slow of speech, but it is always worth while to wait for the conclusion of the sentence. And he deserves much praise in that he has pursued his own views in writing without the least regard to changing tastes and fashions. His method is a plain realism, but a realism which does not happen to be concerned, or but very seldom, with the ugly things of life. He is keenly alive to character, and to the forces which are acting upon it in these modern days, and he is patient in its dissection. This may, or not, sound a high recommendation to you: to me it means much, and it may be given freely to his latest novel, "The Mount" (Constable).—N. O. I.



FIXING THE BLAME.

YOUNG BLOOD (after the collision): I thought so! Hang the fellow! Demme if that rascally man of mine hasn't neglected to polish my eyeglass this morning. I'll sack the scoundrel!

BETTER THE HUSKS.



CRUSTY UNCLE (*who is weary of being asked again and again for pecuniary assistance*): Why the dickens don't you go home to your father and get him to kill the fatted calf?

YOUNG HARD-UP: He'd be a jolly sight more likely to kill the prodigal son.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE GHOST-BOAT OF THE VILLA SANTOFINO.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.

"I NEVER read anything myself," said the General; "but people tell me all that you writing chaps say about this place, and it's nothing but a monotonous string of gambling stories. What fools you all are! Gambling stories, my good man, are the dullest things on earth. I have heard a thousand times all the emotions of a man who loses money here, and of a man who wins it—heard them at first hand, and four of those losers were dead next morning. And do you know the only times when I didn't yawn my head off?"

"When the winners looked good for a loan?" I suggested.

"Quite right, my dear man. Or when one of them branched off from his winnings or losings into a bit of life—a sweetheart, a good dinner, a divorce case, or even a ghost . . ."

"Good heavens, General, do they often mix up ghosts with anything so material as mathematical 'systems,' and new fish-sauces at the Restaurant de Paris, and motor-smashes on the Corniche Road?"

"Oh, yes. I remember a man once . . ."

We were walking on the Terrace at Monte Carlo—that oft-described Terrace, with the wondrous blue of the Mediterranean shining below it, and a great fairyland of palms and flowers rising above it, and, far away, the purple headlands of Cap Martin and Bordighera running out to sea. The General was a great friend of mine, and one of the wickedest old men I ever met. He had been in every country in the world, brought away a little additional wickedness from each of them, and finally decided—no man being ever better qualified to settle such a point—that the most enduring pleasure to be found in the whole realm of sin and folly lay in gambling. Wherefore he came here, handed over his income to his concierge with instructions to deal it out to him at the rate of 120 francs a day, never increasing the amount, however much he might storm and threaten, and so lived his placidly iniquitous life from shameless year's end to shameless year's end. He was an old man now, past three-score years and ten; his hands trembled till he could scarce count out money for his stake; his face, once brisk and kindly, was now furrowed out of human shape by lines which the burning play-fever had drawn there; his weak old voice pattered out long histories of last week's run on the red, and last month's dispute about the tramways, and last season's suicides. Yet his tales had one point about them making them different from the most brilliant efforts of other story-tellers—you remembered them. This was odd, because the old man had no more imagination nor sense of dramatic effect than a cow, and stopped in the middle of any narrative whenever he saw an acquaintance who looked good for a loan of a hundred francs. Perhaps the General's grim spectres scared one merely because they were real.

"I remember a man once, the old Marquis de Santofino, an Italian, who owned that house with the tower in the bay down there. It's one of the few old family places which have never been sold or let or changed since Italy owned this coast. How long ago was that?"

"Bother! I don't know. Go on with your ghost-story."

"All right. . . Keep your eye on that man in the grey squash-hat, and tell me when the woman leaves him. I did him a good turn once in Burmah, and now . . . The late Marquis was a curious man. He lived at that villa ten months in the year all the time I knew him, and never played here once. There were a score of dull stories told to account for this stupidity of his: some folk said he had no money, whereas he was a very rich man; others said he had made a promise to his late wife, and so stayed away from the tables, whereas he hated the lady in question so poisonously that, however little he may have wanted to play, such a promise would have dragged him here to gamble every night. But one day he told me the real story. Three nights running in his youth he had had a dream that death would come to him through a croupier turning up number four on a roulette-wheel, so he concluded that if he kept out of the gambling-rooms he stood a good chance of living for ever. Queer, wasn't it, when, with his capital, he could have made any amount of money here?"

"Well, of course, money-making isn't the only pleasure in the world: there are others if you have money to pay for them; and the Marquis had his fashion of pleasure. He was the most accomplished love-maker in the five continents, and in the result . . . do you know enough about racing to take my meaning if I say that in

his love intrigues and conquests he represented Solomon at 6st. 5lb.? I have no particular recollection of the bevvies of ladies, young and middle-aged, sullen and laughing, French, Italian, and Austrian, whom I used to meet with him, except one; and I only remember this young person, Paula Menalle, because I had seen her often before at Beaulieu. She was a daughter of one of the hotel-keepers there, and an extraordinarily witty and beautiful girl. There was a great outcry among the worthy tradesfolk, hotel-clerks, young Government officials, and such-like people, most of whom were in love with her, when she was missing one day; and though the Marquis took very little notice as a rule of that class of person, he thought it prudent on this occasion to take Paula to his palace at Rome for the rest of the winter. Early in the next January he came back—without her; but I had forgotten the matter, and asked no questions. He talked freely about his love-affairs to friends of his own rank, and they were a trifle monotonous after the magnificent hourly excitement of life here. . . . You are watching that man in the grey hat? Tell me directly he is alone. . . .

"I went over to him one evening after dinner, and found him in the last extremity of boredom, talking, nevertheless, with his usual exquisite courtesy to a young Frenchman who was sitting with him in a salon looking over the sea. The windows were wide open, and the dull, stale sea-smell of the Mediterranean was blowing in, with an occasional breath of scent from the hyacinth beds and budding orange-trees outside. The strange visitor was speaking when I came in, and I listened in surprise, for his language and accent were full of the slurred genders and misplaced adjectives and horrid twang of the lower-middle-class Southern Frenchman, the sort of person whom I should have as soon expected to find in intimate companionship with the Marquis de Santofino as a cobra or a village *Maire* or a bimetallist lecturer.

"Come, General,' my host called out to me, with a hurriedly disguised gasp of relief; 'you are the very man! Here is M. André Lestocq with a story which will interest you. He says he can spin a roulette-ball, and tell you, seven times out of eight, within three numbers of where it will stop; and three times out of eight he will tell you the exact number.'

"A good many croupiers say they can do something like that,' I answered indifferently.

"M. Lestocq is prepared to bet on himself,' said the host, with a languid laugh.

"Certainly, Monsieur le Marquis. I am willing to back myself to do what you say for a hundred francs. I will do it as often as you like for the same bet.'

"I make no bets myself,' said M. de Santofino, disguising another slight yawn; 'but I daresay my friend here would be willing.'

"I had won a little money that day instead of losing it, and was quite ready to risk it on such a chance. Many skilled croupiers profess to be able to place the roulette-ball within five numbers fairly often, and in the exact number once out of ten or twelve shots. This youth's talk sounded the most ridiculous boasting.

"It sounded, in fact, so ridiculous, and the whole proceeding seemed so curious, that I looked round the room, and glanced once or twice at the two men, in extreme doubt, before arguing any more about the French lad's proposal. A little pulse was beating furiously in his cheek; at intervals his hands twitched and jerked with uncontrollable spasms of nervousness; through his quiet commonplace words one detected now and then a quiver of excitement. Also, though I could not think where and when, I was certain I had seen the man's face before somewhere, and I noticed at last that he would not look at me. But the room was not very light; my associations with the youth's face, whatever they were, did not recall anything interesting; and his offer seemed to promise an amusing fashion of passing an hour.

"But you have some message for me?' said M. de Santofino to him suddenly. 'My servant who brought in your card said you had an important message.'

"Monsieur le Marquis honours me by his recollection,' answered the young man evasively, and then sat in nervous silence, while his host stared at him. Presently the youngster flashed a glance at me under his eyes, which the Marquis caught; and presumably interpreted it, as I did, to mean that Lestocq preferred to

[Continued overleaf.]

FORE !



THE JUDGE: You are discharged, but try to keep out of bad company in future.
THE PRISONER: Rest aisy, yer Lordship; you won't see me here again.

DRAWN BY T. OERTON, JUN.



THE STOUT TRIPPER (who is enjoying a half-day "tour" in the rain): I don't know about you, me old sport, but I feel jolly dry.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.



THE HIGHWAYMAN: Hands up! Give us yer money, or I'll blow yer brains out!

THE VICTIM: Blow away! You can live here without brains, but not without money.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



THE CUSTOMER: Mother sent me back with these matches; they won't strike!

THE SHOPKEEPER: Of course they'll strike. Didn't you see me light one on my trousers?

THE CUSTOMER: Yes, but mother says she hasn't got time to come here and borrow your trousers every time she wants a light.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

give his message without other hearers. The most good-natured and idly acquiescent of men, M. de Santofino shrugged his shoulders, laughed, yawned, rang the bell, and told the servant to bring a roulette-wheel and put it on the table. Then he lounged against the high back of a chair and watched, while the young Frenchman spun the ball once or twice with an obviously well-practised hand.

"There is something a little wrong with the wheel, Monsieur le Marquis. I fancy the table is not level. If I might have some sheets of paper and try to remedy the matter?"

"With overwhelming and troublesome force, suspicion flew into my mind—the vaguest, wildest suspicion without a single object on which I could centre it. As the lad spoke I would have staked my life that he was talking to gain time, that the whole story of his powers with the roulette-ball was nonsense, and that the wager was a blind for something. However, the first thing to be done was to win his hundred francs, which he had placed quietly on the table. After that it would be time to investigate his business here. I told him curtly to make haste, and he began hurriedly to place and replace the sheets of paper which M. de Santofino had tossed on to the table.

"Ha! . . . What is this? Come here, General."

"The Marquis had gone to the window, and when I joined him he went out on to the balcony, gripping my arm with his left hand, and with the other pointing down across the garden. A distance of scarcely a hundred yards separated the balcony from the little curved inlet of the Mediterranean; the moon was up, and one could see far out to sea, where the lights of a few yachts shone on the motionless water. But the object at which M. de Santofino was pointing was a small boat, with a single muffled-up figure in it, which lay absolutely motionless just off the shore, the oars resting on the water and the rower's face looking steadily before it without sign or sound.

"Who is it?" I asked abruptly. The last ten minutes in this house had got on my nerves, presumably, for the commonplace sight of a rowing-boat with someone in it filled me with sudden idiotic fear. Or maybe some such emotion was coming to me through the hand which still gripped my arm.

"You know the story of this house, don't you? No?" The hand was taken away from my arm, and the Marquis proceeded, rather elaborately, to light a cigarette, as if he would show me that his fingers had no tremor in them. "There is an old ghost-story belonging to it, dating from a day when one of my ancestors was murdered here by his wife's lover. The story goes that she brought the lover here herself one night in a boat, waited for him to do the murder, and, when it was done, took the body out to sea and put it overboard, afterwards rowing her friend back to Monaco. An unpleasant tale, you see."

"And then . . .?"

"Then she was murdered herself, by her eldest son. And now, whenever the reigning Marquis or his heir is at the point of death, she may be seen in her boat waiting there . . . as you see that person now." The man turned away with a little irrepressible shudder, but his voice was quite tranquil. "It is an unpleasant thought, is it not, to go out on one's last voyage with such a companion?"

"Where is Gaston?" I asked, after a moment of strained silence. As a rule, the Marquis and his eldest son and heir were on very friendly terms, and came here together for the New Year. This time, however, the young man had not come, and I had heard nothing of him.

"Ah, yes; Gaston. . . . You were thinking of him too? I hope to God . . . My friend, I must tell you Gaston and I parted in the autumn with some very bitter words. There was a little misadventure with that girl, Paula Menalle, who was good enough to come with me to Rome in the spring. Gaston liked her more than I thought quite seemly; we discussed the matter, somewhat acrimoniously, and he left for South America, meaning, he said, to go to the diamond-mines of Brazil. I have heard nothing of him till—till . . . Do you think this boat brings news of him?"

"I will go down and speak to the person in it," I said, though to make the offer wanted all the pluck I could summon.

"Thank you, my friend," said my companion very quietly, with a slight break in his voice. "I do not usually play the coward, but, to be frank, I dare not come with you. And, General"—the Marquis lowered his voice yet more, and glanced back over his shoulder into the salon—"do not tell anyone of this—not yet, at any rate. I have no mind to be laughed at if this is a gallant Monaco boatman playing the lover with one of my servants. I will go and talk to our gambling young friend till you come back; and see his marvels! Perhaps he will give me his message!"

"I ran down the little iron staircase into the garden, and to the edge of the water. The boat was scarcely fifty yards from shore. There was little question here of a lovers' rendezvous, for the brilliant white moonlight shone on a woman's face.

"I called to her as loudly as I dared, asking what she was doing there, but she took no notice whatever. Then, on the other side of some olive trees I saw a little landing-stage which would bring me considerably nearer the woman, whose silence and disregard were beginning to anger me; and I ran rapidly along the

little path through the olives. I have a curious and inconsequent mind; and as I ran I remembered suddenly where I had seen the young Frenchman's face before. He had been a croupier.

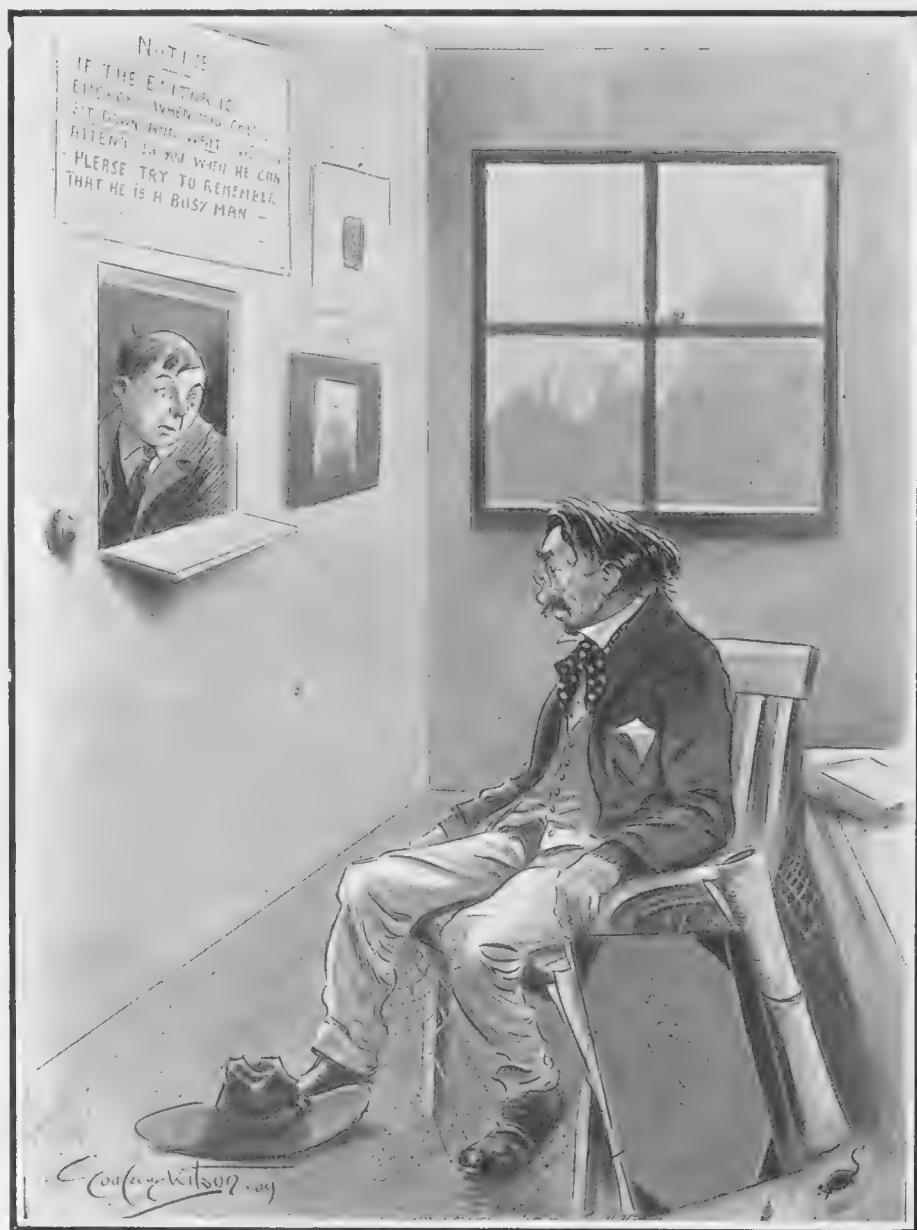
"When I reached the landing-stage the boat was moving silently but very swiftly out to sea; and truly now there was some suggestion of a love intrigue about the affair, for a vague, shadowy figure of a man was huddled up in the stern.

"A laugh and a sigh of relief came from the very depths of my heart, for I liked Gaston, and desired no hints at his death. Leisurely, and planning how I should summon M. de Santofino out into the garden, I strolled back, mounted the steps, and went to the salon-window.

"The room was empty: or at any rate appeared to be so; the roulette-wheel, still standing on the table, with its ball in No. 4. A moment later bells were ringing furiously, and the frightened servants, whom I had summoned, were helping me to lift up my friend, the Marquis de Santofino, who was lying in a huddled heap on the floor, with a dagger in his heart and a small scrap of paper stuck to the dagger-handle.

"This is my message. André Lestocq, fiancé of Paula Menalle."

THE END.



DRAWN BY GODFREY WILSON.

I AM WATCHING AND WAITING.

ARTIST (who has been waiting): Is the Editor still engaged, boy?

Boy: Yessir.

ARTIST: Well, all I can say is, that it's time he got married, then.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

WHEN the King of Spain reads that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham spoke of him as "that incapable, frivolous, and hard-hearted young man, Alfonso," and then marched with a mob to make a hostile demonstration before "that man in Grosvenor Square" (the Spanish Ambassador), he may well hold up his hands in despair of understanding his English friends. But the Cunninghame-Graham whom the King of Spain has known personally for a considerable time is the Commander, and not the Cunninghame-Graham who roars beside the lions in Trafalgar Square. The two brothers, Commander and Agitator, are good friends, though far apart in politics. But things become a little mixed when one Cunninghame-Graham leads a mob to the house in Grosvenor Square where his brother happens to be a favourite visitor.

"Black Maria."

It was inevitable that many friends should refuse to permit the Cardigan strait-waistcoat of scandal to be fitted on to Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury without a protest. "If there had been anything of a serious nature alleged against her, I should have been absolutely certain to hear it," says the Archdeacon of London in his protest; "and there are many others hardly less sure that what they



THE ADAPTER OF "MADAME X" AND "MA GOSSE":
MR. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HERSHON JEZREEL: "PRINCE MICHAEL," WHOSE FOLLOWERS HAVE BEEN EVICTED FROM JEZREEL'S TEMPLE, CHATHAM.

"Prince Michael," who is an American named Mills, proclaimed himself successor to Jezreel, whose followers believe that they are to live for ever, and will be saved when the end of the world comes.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

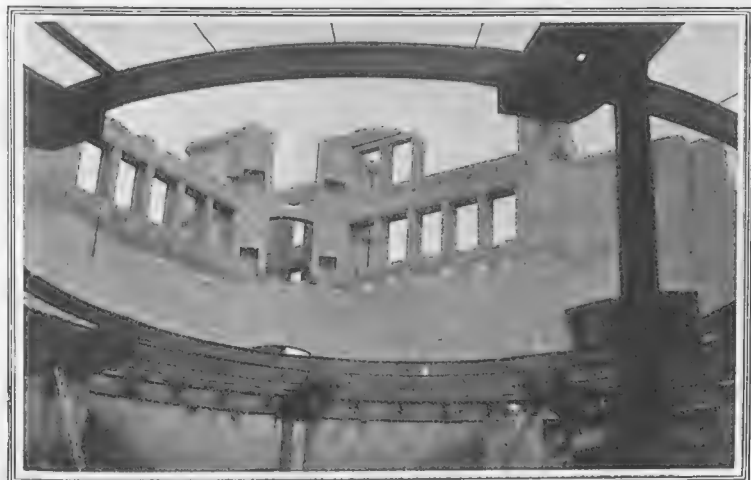
did not hear must be the invention of a later date." Lady Sudeley, herself a Tollemache, writes from Court Grange, Newton Abbot, in defence of her cousin, with no less personal knowledge than the Archdeacon, and other members of the family have made their protest against this new and noxious theory of a Black Maria. If only Lady Cardigan were half a century older we might suppose that she had mistaken the identity of her lady. It was at Ham House that the Archdeacon remembers "Lady A.," as she was called after her marriage, and it was at Ham House many years before that Lady Bridget Tollemache astonished even a *blasé* world with her high spirits and the cracking of jokes. According to Walpole, some charge of coarseness would be justified against her, yet, on the other hand, she is the lady mentioned in the couplet—

"Her wit is like the generous wit of Lane, Rather suppressed than uttered to give pain." Lady Bridget was sometimes as inaccurate as the lady who has reported so ill of her successor at Ham House. It was she who told George III. that *Indigo* Jones built the house of her father, Lord Northington. The King replied—"I thought so, by the style," a remark which caused Lord Northington to say that he did not know "which was the greater fool—his Majesty or my lady."



AN EX-PASTOR AS ARTIST: THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON, A NUMBER OF WHOSE WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES ARE BEING EXHIBITED.

When the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who succeeded his famous father as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, resigned that cure owing to ill-health, he took up painting, which, as a matter of fact, was quite a natural thing for him to do, for in the days of his youth he studied art at South Kensington. Those who have seen his work look upon it as possessing very considerable merit, and are in the hopes that Mr. Spurgeon will add many other examples to it.—[Photograph by Halfones.]



BUILT BY AN EX-SOLDIER WHO BELIEVED THAT HE WOULD LIVE FOR EVER: JEZREEL'S TEMPLE.

Some twenty Jezreelites were evicted the other day from the strange, windowless building on the top of Chatham Hill that is known as Jezreel's Temple, because, it is said, the rent was in arrear. The building was begun by an ex-soldier named White, who became the prophet of a new religion and called himself James Hershon Jezreel. One article of the faith was that none of its followers should have their hair cut. The American, Mills, took the building three years ago and proclaimed himself "Prince Michael," successor to Jezreel.

Photograph by Barratt.



A WORK BY THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON: A WATER-COLOUR BY THE EX-PASTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

This particular picture shows a street in Garwisch, Bavaria, and is one of no fewer than eighty water-colours painted by Mr. Spurgeon in the two years or so that have elapsed since his resignation of his pastorate. Mr. Spurgeon has issued invitations to a private view of his works at Walker's Gallery, New Bond Street. Amongst the paintings by Mr. Spurgeon is one of his famous father's birthplace, a picturesque little thatched cottage at Kelvedon, Essex.



KEY-NOTES



A Promising Violinist.

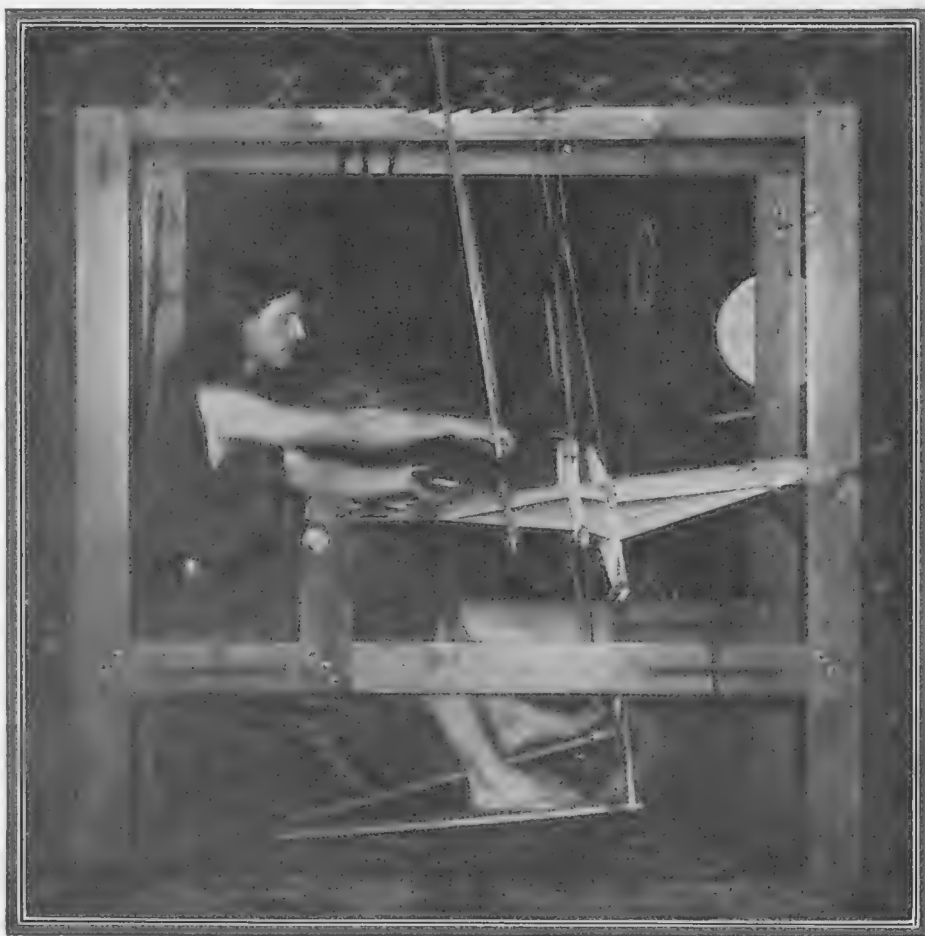
Mr. Eddy Brown, who has played at an orchestral concert and given a recital in the past few days, is a young violinist with a future which he is rather too eager to anticipate. At first hearing, he suggests, both by what he succeeds and what he fails in accomplishing, that he should take advantage of the fact that time is on his side and develop his talents to the fullest possible extent. He cannot yet take rank among the interpreters of great music, but he is distinctly to be classed among the very agreeable performers who have tone and technique very largely under their control, and are likely to develop both to a very considerable extent in the near future. Mr. Brown has not descended upon the world of concert-goers fully equipped, as Pallas Athene from the brain of Zeus, or Mischa Elman from the *cours* of Professor Auer. If he does very much work in public during the next few years, he may share the fate of so many promising young violinists who have started too soon, and have never found time to shun delights of public performance and live laborious days in the practice-room. It is not in the lighter compositions that Mr. Brown's immaturity is revealed, but in classical work like the Beethoven Concerto, which is still approached with reverence by the greatest masters of the violin. Here he was not unsuccessful, and he gave the Joachim cadenza very finely; but the performance of a masterpiece was distinctly uneven.

Opera in English. The Carl Rosa Company is giving a series of very interesting performances at Covent Garden, and it is a question whether the advantages derived from the splendid equipment of our national opera-house is counterbalanced by the difficulties that beset the singers when they try to send their message to the last rows of seats. To hear the Carl Rosa Company at Covent Garden after hearing it in the provinces is to understand and appreciate the difficulties that lie in the way of the Grand Opera Syndicate. Artists of repute who may have achieved no inconsiderable provincial reputation are sometimes well-nigh lost at Covent Garden. When they do not force their voices they cannot always fill the house, and when they do too much their tone goes. Then, again, the faults of breathing and production that are not readily noticeable in a house



A STRANGE MEMORIAL TO A MUSICIAN: THE FIDDLER'S TOMBSTONE AT CASTLECALDWELL, LOUGH ERN, COUNTY FERMANAGH.

The memorial is five feet high and four inches thick, and is known as "The Fiddler's Tombstone." The inscription reads—"To the memory of Denis M'Cabe, fidler, who fell out of the St. Patrick barge belonging to Sir James Caldwell, Bt., and Count of Milan, and was drowned off this point, August ye 13th, 1770.—Beware ye fiddlers of ye fidler's fate, Nor tempt ye deep lest ye repent too late. You ever have been deemed to water goes, Then shun ye lake till it with whisky flows. On firm land only exercise your skill; there you may play and safely drink your fill. D.D.D." The letters "D.D.D." are a polite contraction of "Denis died drunk."—[Photograph by H. H. Reece.]



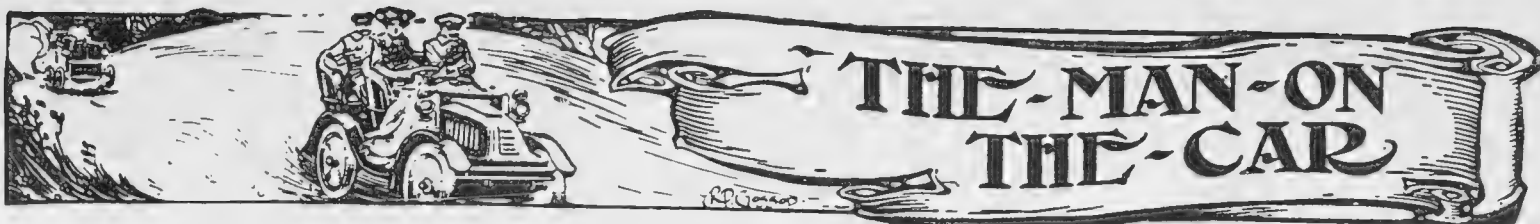
TO GIVE A "FAREWELL EVENING OF HELLENIC MUSIC": MR. RAYMOND DUNCAN (WEAVING MATERIAL FOR A GREEK DRESS).

What is described as a "farewell evening of Hellenic music" is to be given by Raymond Duncan and Penelope Duncan at Messrs. Novello's Salle on the 5th of next month. This will include an introduction to the study of the Hellenic music theory and to the hearing of the modal and harmonic qualities of Hellenic music, and the announcement of the discovery that the folk-music of Europe is in true Hellenic modes, and follows exactly the same musical laws taught in Greece in ancient times and to-day. "The Hellenic musical system is therefore the result of the discovery by the ancients of the natural laws of human music. It is absolutely necessary for modern musicians to study the Hellenic music theory in order to have a knowledge of the construction of the music of their own country."

of moderate size are at once patent in Covent Garden, where, too, the departure from the grand opera tradition in stage management and in treatment of the text are a little out of place and invite criticism. For the benefit of a less critical audience the inclusion of little touches that are supposed to be associated with comedy or humour are permissible; in Bow Street they are as old-fashioned as a harlequinade, and scarcely more interesting.

"Carmen" and Carl Rosa. These little comparisons between what is good and what is best in the operatic work of this country are inevitable, and do not convey any disparagement. There is much to admire in the performances that have been and are being given at Covent Garden just now, and it happens sometimes that the good and the bad are curiously intermingled. For example, in "Carmen," which calls for mention because it was not given in the grand season this year, there are one or two cuts; the dancing at the inn of Liliastasia is done by girls dressed in ballet costume, there is horseplay between Dancairo and Remendado, and Carmen handles a tambourine as the writer never saw a Spanish woman handle it. On the other hand, it would be difficult to overpraise the beauty and restraint of Mr. E. C. Hedmond's singing. He sings every note of the music allotted to Don José as though keenly conscious of all it is intended to convey, and there are moments when Miss Doris Woodall is heard to great advantage as Carmen, noticeably in the delivery of the difficult Card Scene music. Then again, the quintet in the second act is very well given; to atone for anything that may be lacking vocally—and this is not much—we have a unity of purpose and a perfection of rehearsal that help the number to grip the house and demand favourable recognition. In short, the Carl Rosa artists show all the advantages that come of playing together year in and year out, and they do not fail, as so many companies fail, through treating familiar work as though they were tired of it. Enthusiasm can only be roused in the auditorium when it is already present on the stage, and certainly the Carl Rosa Company work as though theirs is a labour of love.

COMMON CHORD.



Absurd Ten-Miles Limits.

If some local authorities had their way, the whole country would be plastered with ten-miles-per-hour limits. Even now, they are in many cases nothing short of absurdities, and no credit to the officials sanctioning them. If a car is held rigidly down to the prescribed speed through one of the areas, the driver will find himself passed by cyclists, butchers'-carts, cabs, tramcars, indeed every sort of vehicle proceeding out of a walk. The ten-miles-per-hour limit for congested places is as absurd as the twenty miles per hour in the open country, and it is only a matter of time—such a presently arriving time as shall see the disappearance of the horse—to see these limits disappear or fall altogether into disregard. Local authorities make applications for five or six times more than is needful, as in the case of the Richmond Council, who applied for the limit over some seven miles of road within their control. They haughtily refused to entertain the suggestion of their own Highways Committee, who were in agreement with the Motor Union, with the result that an inquiry was held, and the Local Government Board gave them about two miles only!

The New 15-h.p. B.S.A. Engine.

The new 15-h.p. four-cylinder B.S.A. will be a car which prospective purchasers of something among the best of medium-powered cars which can be driven economically should inspect when at Olympia. The stroke and bore—90 mm. by 120 mm.—are very nicely proportioned to afford that excellent and gratifying dwelling effect when hill-climbing on top gear, so obviating changes of speed. I noticed, too, that unusually long springs are fitted to the valve-stems, thus ensuring a smart return of the valve to its seating without the smashing blow which would result from shorter, and therefore necessarily stiffer, springs. The magneto, too, is set most accessibly by being placed across the front of the engine and worm-driven off the cam-shaft. The force-feed oil-pump is placed on the rear-face of the crank-chamber and driven by the projecting rear-end of the cam-shaft. The water-pump faces the magneto on the opposite side of the engine, and is rotated by a prolongation of the magneto-driving spindle. Oil is forced to the crank-shaft bearings, and scoops are provided

to the big ends. The 15-h.p. B.S.A. engine is quite the latest practice in internal-combustion engines.

The New 15-h.p. Straker-Squire.

A car which should have the attention of all purchasers who are keen on the most up-to-date practice, dictated not only by sound engineering ability but by something that weighs very largely in the design of the perfect car—to wit, road knowledge—is the 1910 15-h.p. Straker-Squire. A careful study of the specification, coupled with a knowledge of the quality of the work which is always put into Straker-Squire cars, convinces me that in this car will be found a really high-grade medium-powered vehicle, which will fully accord with all the requirements of the existing or to-be motorist. No visitor to the Olympia Show should miss the inspection of this chassis. The frame is a well-considered arrangement of channel section and tubular members. The cylinders are 87 mm. bore and 100 mm. stroke, equalling 18.8-h.p. per R.A.C. rating. The crank-shaft is of special 40-ton steel in white-metal bearings; the cam-shaft and cams are solid; and the valves, which are of exceptionally large diameter, are operated by the tappets through a rocking lever. Lubrication is by troughs and dippers; the propeller-shaft has universals at each end; the tyres—Spencer-Moultons—are 810 by 90.

Gear Ratios.

There is a point to be considered in the purchase of a car which is seldom, if ever, referred to in a manufacturer's catalogue, and not often regarded by buyers, although they are most intimately concerned. I refer to the gear ratio—that is to say, the number of revolutions made by the engine to one of the road wheels. This ratio must also be considered in relation to the road wheels and the character of the country in which the car is to be chiefly used. A gear ratio which would be suitable and comfortable for Scotland would be too low and too uncomfortable for use in and about London, while for all-round work a moderate top-speed ratio, with comparatively low second and third speeds, is desirable. In the case of the 14-16-h.p. Straker-Squire car, a low-geared and a high-geared chassis are turned out, the former being 3.75 to 1 with three speeds, and 810 mm. wheels.



GO WHEEL, COME WOE: A TYRE DETACHED FROM A RACING MOTOR-CAR KEEPING PACE WITH THE CAR.

It will be noticed that the tyre came from the left front wheel. For quite an appreciable time it remained upright, and kept pace with the car.—[Photograph by A. Inkersley.]



THINGS LOOKING UP: THE COMTE DE LAMBERT FLYING ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER ON HIS WRIGHT BIPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 1100 FEET FROM THE GROUND.

The Comte de Lambert made what the crowd called his "Petit Paulhan" (a reference to Paulhan's sudden flight over country the other day) last week, leaving Juvisy, and, without anyone knowing his intention, flying to Paris and circling the Eiffel Tower. He left the aviation field at 4.36, rounded the Eiffel Tower, and was back at the aerodrome again at twenty-five minutes past five. This meant that he travelled between forty and forty-five miles.—[Photo. by Bolak.]

[Continued on a later page.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire.

As the only recorded double event outstanding is one of £6000 to £30 Submit and Arranmore, the betting on the Cambridgeshire will not be much affected. True, Arranmore is a very genuine candidate for the race, although many think 8 st. 2 lb. quite enough weight for an ex-selling-plater to carry. If the going is sound, the best plan is to back the first favourite just before the start of the race takes place. This system has worked well on many occasions, although in heavy going calculations are badly upset, as we saw last year, when Marcovil created a surprise by cantering away from a lot of better favourites. The going was very soft and just suited the winner, who had been doing little or no work on account of his dicky legs. When Comedy won the race in 1891, it was said that the stable took £90,000 out of the ring; and when Indian Queen was successful in 1894 Mr. Teddy Hobson and his friends scooped in big sums. When The Sailor Prince just beat St. Mirin in 1886 many of us were bad losers, as Fred Archer had given us the last-named as being a certainty. Marco, the winner of 1905, won the Lewes Handicap the previous August. He was a good horse. The win of Ballantrae in 1902 was the biggest blow the double-event merchant ever experienced, as his name had been



BREAKER OF A WORLD'S SWIMMING RECORD: MISS JENNIE FLETCHER. Miss Fletcher, of Leicester, holds the English Ladies' Swimming Championship. A few days ago, at Manchester, she reduced the world's record for 100 yards from 1 minute 14 seconds to 1 minute 13 and 3-5 seconds. Photograph by Ramsden.

coupled with that of Black Sand, and after the latter had won the Cesarewitch they found it impossible to do any hedging. One firm alone lost £33,000 over the double event. Watershed's win in 1901 was a big surprise, as the stable companion, Spectrum, was favourite up to the day before the race. But Mr. Whitney cabled that Spectrum was to run for another race, and Watershed for the Cambridgeshire. Both won the races selected for them, but ante-post betters of Spectrum for the Cambridgeshire had a very bad quarter of an hour when the results became known.

A "C. P." Suggestion.

The question that is puzzling the minds of many just now is, What is to be done with the Crystal Palace? The celebrated South London rendezvous has fallen on evil times, and it is just on the cards that the fine site will in due course be turned over to the builder. The concern could be made to pay if horse-racing were allowed to be carried on in the grounds. There is plenty of room for a good track to be built, and to give, say, twenty days' racing per annum. A dividend for long-suffering shareholders would be assured. The railway accommodation is perfect for the dealing with large crowds. This is seen on final Cup-tie days, and I am sure the railway companies interested would run plenty of fast trains for racegoers. Football and other sports, including cricket, could be continued as of yore, and those who object to horse-racing could stay at home

on the days set aside for the sport of kings. We see, in the case of Alexandra Palace, how the race-meetings are used to keep the pot boiling, and it is a matter for congratulation to add that rowdiness is now unknown at Alexandra Park meetings. The crowd, one of the largest to be seen in any enclosure, is easily managed and is orderly and respectable. Owners would, I am certain, be only too glad to patronise racing at the Crystal Palace, and it only requires the right man at the head of the management to make the thing an immediate and lasting success. The going would be good at all times, as the track could be easily and perfectly drained.

Ring-Keepers.

Subscriptions are being invited for a testimonial to Mr. Robert Moody, the chief ring-keeper to the Jockey Club, who has been in harness for forty years without a break. I hope he will receive a good round sum, as he does his work well, and displays plenty of tact in dealing with shady characters. The ring-keeper, to be successful, has to know when to act, and then to act quietly. He is called upon to settle all sorts of disputes. He is supposed to know every shady character who goes to the course, and has to keep them well under observation the day through. He has to keep welshers out of the enclosures and to look out for pick-pockets. Sometimes he takes his life in his hands. For instance, some few years back a desperado in the cheap ring at Newmarket threw a bottle at the head of Mr. Moody, but, luckily, little damage was done. To this contretemps there is attached a little story. A gentleman wrote to me and told me that he saw the bottle thrown, and that he knew who threw it; but he told me not to give up his name, as it would be more than his life was worth to divulge the name. The local superintendent of police wrote and asked me for the name of my informant, but, of course, I could not give it up without his permission, although, mark you, I should like to have seen the culprit dealt with by the law of the land. After years of close observation I can say truthfully that our ringkeepers as a body are very capable men. They are severe on ticket-snatchers and dead-heads, as it is their duty to be. On the other hand, they are civil and obliging to regular racegoers, and they carry on a very difficult task to the extreme satisfaction of the best class of sportsmen.

CAPTAIN COE.



IN AN AWKWARD POSITION: DR. FREDERICK A. COOK, OF NORTH POLE FAME.

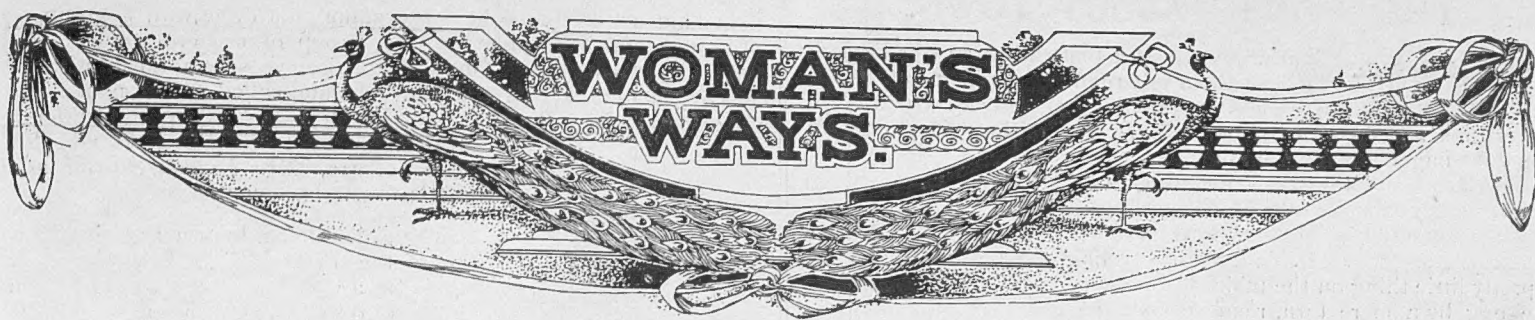
Our photograph shows how, on occasion, Dr. Cook has found a packhorse useful when fording streams. The Doctor is seen mounting.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



THE DESCENT OF "SIEGFRIED VON WERNE": A GERMAN SHEEP-DOG COMING DOWN A LADDER.

The breeding in Germany of dogs of German breed is a comparatively new industry. Indeed, it was only ten or twelve years ago that anyone thought of rescuing from possible disappearance those native breeds whose history dates from at least the Middle Ages. Particular attention has been paid to the German sheep-dog. Our photograph shows Dr. Lueder-Werne's "Siegfried von Werne."—[Photograph by A. Schertl.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Vogue of the Underworld.

Nothing in Society is more singular at the moment than the widespread interest in ghosts. Once upon a time Spiritualism only interested a few fanatics, cranks, and elderly ladies with a desire to get in touch with persons whom they described as the "dear departed";

nowadays your neighbour at dinner may be a soldier, sailor, scientist, or lawyer, but you may inevitably count on him addressing you some leading question about apparitions or slate-writing before the entrée is served. You, on your part, may invent or embellish any story about phantasms you please, and it will be received not only with polite, but with absorbed attention. If you have seen a ghost, received a message from the Beyond, or played at telepathy with a distant friend, your social price is far above rubies. This last week I have dined out three times on an apparition, and have

haughty figures, moving, with stolid, impassive faces, across a golden screen or a yellow vase. To the Chinaman they are as inflammatory as Helen of Troy, as wonderful as the Scottish Mary, as destructive as Vivien. For the charm—and the danger—of Woman lies in the point of view.

The "Blighter." We are given to using odd, expressive words nowadays, such gems as "rotter" and "waster" being often in the mouths of the younger generation. I have lately thought how aptly the word "blighter" describes those men and women who give you, as the author of "Orpheus in Mayfair" has it, "a vague sensation of blight." In their talk, heroism becomes ridiculous, beauty vain, art sterile, and friendship a mutual chicanery. "Things seem to shrivel up in their presence as though they had been touched by an insidious east wind, a subtle frost, a secret chill." Some folk are conscious of the presence of the Blighter in a room, and feel as uncomfortable as certain people do in the unseen company of a cat. I am sure that these superior beings (for they think themselves superior) have a freezing aura of their own which can be felt by the sensitive, if it cannot be seen.

Has the Englishman Deteriorated?

Mr. Maurice Baring, who has a wise, if somewhat elfish, outlook, is of opinion that the Englishman has sadly deteriorated—at any rate in gaiety and in accomplishments. Like most of us, he is vastly attracted to the Elizabethans, though I have no doubt they were a vain, egoistical, and bombastic set compared to our more modest, if inarticulate, young men. It is true that in those "spacious times" "a gentleman was ashamed if he did not speak six or seven languages, handle the sword with a deadly dexterity, play chess, and write good sonnets." We have exchanged the sword for the golf-club; our gilded youth can hardly stammer out a sentence, even in French; we play roulette instead of chess; and as to writing a sonnet, a Guardsman would be ostracised by his mess if he were suspected of any such literary aspirations. With all his accomplishments the Elizabethan courtier was a terribly self-conscious person. His earrings and jewels, his gold-lace and feathers may have made him a brave sight to look at, but he was usually as vain as any young beauty. The rival favourites of the Great Queen pranked themselves out in finery to attract her eye, and quarrelled like chorus-girls among themselves in her ante-rooms. On the whole, it must be conceded that our young men, though sombrely dressed, reticent, and loth to come to blows, are more dignified and self-respecting than the gay gallants—every man with a poem in his pocket—of the Courts of Elizabeth and James.



[Copyright.]
AN EVENING BLOUSE OF EAU-DE-NIL SILK
TRIMMED WITH CRYSTAL AND SILVER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

duly impressed (1) A Colonel of Dragoons, (2) The editor of a London political weekly paper, (3) A famous novelist, (4) A distinguished Cambridge don, (5) A young man on the Stock Exchange whose normal interests are finance and the ladies of the lighter drama. That persons of such diverse tastes and such widely differing intelligence should all be interested in the Shadowy Underworld is a remarkable thing. The inevitable reaction after the depressing theories of Materialism is in full tide, so that a little imagination and a great deal of *bonne volonté* will enable anyone to cut quite a dash in the world.

Woman the Enemy.

In all lands and among all peoples, it appears, Woman is looked upon as the Enemy, always, that is to say, when she is young, beautiful, or attractive. Mediæval monks are not alone in prescribing instant flight as the only weapon of the tempted. Mr. Cranmer-Byng, the author of "The Lute of Jade," told the members of the Lyceum Club the other day what was said of their sex by a famous Chinese poet some trifling two thousand five hundred years ago. For Woman—even with slanting eyes, fat face, and grotesque headgear—was as dangerous then as any alluring European beauty of 1909. The poet counsels his readers to shun her at all costs, surely a cowardly procedure on the part of the superior sex. This Chinese poet of Schopenhauerish tendencies does not, however, represent the universal attitude of the inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom, for their love-songs, on the whole, are singularly touching and sincere, with, moreover, a pleasing savour of mysticism. Europeans are accustomed to think of Chinese women as elusive,



[Copyright.]
IN A NEW SHADE: A LONG COAT
AND SKIRT OF "FOREST" GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Neat and Ingenious. Americans consider that eating an egg English fashion is an inherited accomplishment. Educational methods are useless in providing them with equal skill. Americans are unaware of our failures and of how frequently we mess our fingers opening our breakfast egg. A new, neat, and ingenious invention has been brought out, called the Gloucester Egg-Opener, patented by Messrs. Cowburn and Godfrey, Severn Works, Gloucester. It is a pretty little thing on the table, and put on the egg by a mere turn, removes the top as neatly as ninepence—if anyone knows exactly why that sum, beyond its alliterativeness, is neat. Once opened, the rest of the business of eating the egg is easy.

For Dainty Fingers. A charming little thing is the Lemos' patent lemon-clip. It is procurable at all high-class jewellers and fancy-goods-houses and stores. It is for squeezing sections of lemon efficaciously and neatly over just the place where one wants it to go. A neat pin transfixes the fruit, and the metal planes at either side press it and ensure the juice going down and not out over the cloth or into the operator's eye. It is a valuable table adjunct, and costs so little—in nickel-plate, 2s. 6d.; in hall-marked silver, 6s. 6d.

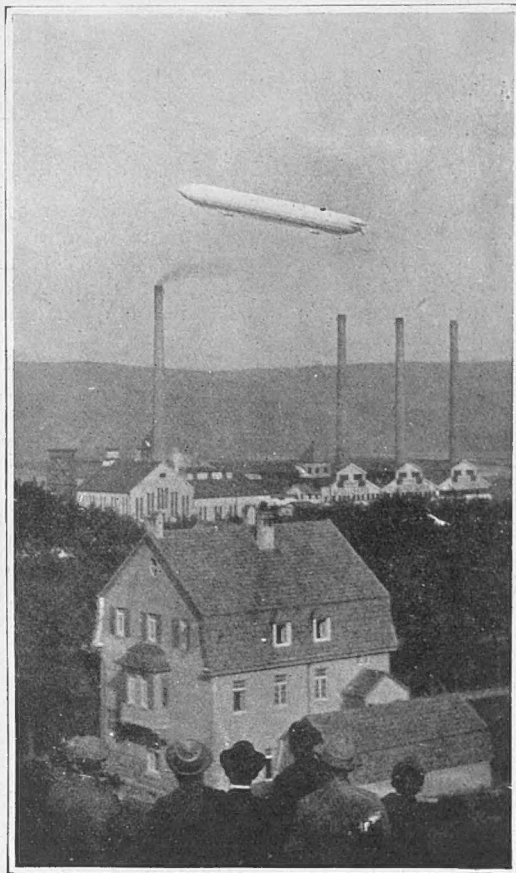
Out of Doors and In. There has not for many years been such a vogue for tweed as now. The last craze for it for our wear was when smart tailor-built coats and skirts first came in and were considered rather fast and go-ahead. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a long coat and skirt in a new shade of green called "forest." The basque will be seen to be pleated, which is quite the latest thing. The coat is trimmed with broad black silk braid and with large shot-green and black moiré-covered buttons. On the same page a dainty evening blouse is illustrated. It is of eau-de-Nil silk and chiffon, and is trimmed rather in classical style with crystal and silver-wrought galon, while the folds are skilfully caught in front in a large crystal and green Rhinestone buckle. The over-sleeves are edged with crystal and silver; there are under-sleeves of tucked tulle.

The Latest for the Saddle.

In one point of feminine attire Britain leads the way. About that there is no doubt at all. A British woman in the saddle is at her best, and at that cannot be beaten. We owe much of this distinction to clever tailors, a leading firm of them being Messrs. Guterbock and Son, 8, Hanover Street, W. They have some charming things for the smart hunting-kits of the season so soon to open. A three-button diagonal ride-astir coat is quite a triumph of sartorial equestrienne art. It is made in indefinitely striped whipcord, and it obtains advantageous result from the point of view of figure, giving length of line and good curves. The lapels are cut long, and the diagonal fastening gives the style of a double-breasted coat, with much more of length. An excellent side saddle coat is also made with long lapels having a stitched edge. Specially good children's ride-astir coats are in great demand; these are cut with long skirts, full, and with a waist-seam, and are single-breasted. They look very smart and work-womanlike—one can quite conscientiously say work-womanlike, for they are no more mannish in character than coats and skirts. The riding-hats to be found at Messrs. Guterbock's are in unusual variety.

At the Bechstein Hall last week an interesting vocal recital was given by Mr. Robin Overleigh, whose singing gave much

pleasure to the many people present. He sang the whole of Schumann's "Dichterliebe," preceding this cycle with a group of old songs, and following it with a group of modern songs. The former group included Purcell's "Arise, ye subterranean winds," and an air from Bach's "Coffee" cantata, called "Hat man nicht mit seinen kindern." After the "Dichterliebe" cycle Mr. Overleigh gave songs by Miss Ethel Smyth, Sir Hubert Parry, Mr. Ernest Austin, and other composers.

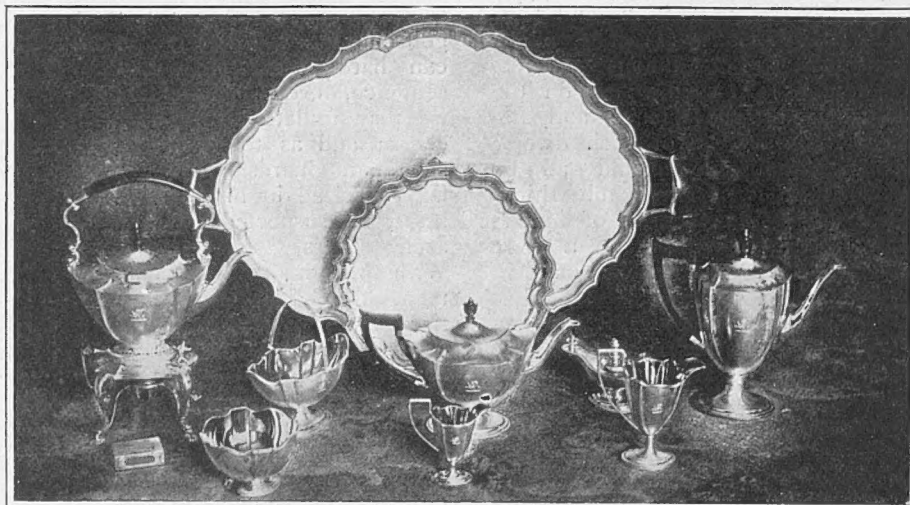


AERIAL FLIGHT OVER AERATED WATERS: THE "ZEPPELIN II." PASSING OVER THE APOLLINARIS BOTTLE WORKS AT RHEINLAH.

There would seem to be some subtle association between aerial navigation and aerated waters, even if it be only an etymological one. At any rate, our photograph brings into juxtaposition two very different uses to which air can be put—in the one case as an ingredient in a beverage, and in the other as a medium of travel. The dirigible "Zeppelin II." is seen floating over the Apollinaris bottle factory at Rheinlahe, on its way recently from Frankfort to Cologne. [Photograph by Westenberg.]

only, at a return day fare of 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross at 10.15 a.m., Waterloo 10.17 a.m., London Bridge 10.22 a.m., and New Cross 10.30 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from various towns on the line.

For Wye Steeplechases, on Monday, Nov. 1st, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special train (first class only), leaving Charing Cross at 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.12 a.m., London Bridge 11.19 a.m., at a return day fare of 11s. (including admission to the course). A special train (third class only), at a return day fare of 7s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross at 10.40 a.m., Waterloo 10.43 a.m., London Bridge 10.50 a.m., and New Cross 10.57 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from the various towns on the line.



PRESENTED TO THE CONSUL-GENERAL OF ALEXANDRIA: A SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE. Mr. Edward Blencowe Gould, I.S.O., has been presented by his friends in Alexandria with a silver tea and coffee service as a mark of their high appreciation of his services while Consul-General of the great Egyptian port. The service was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, the well-known goldsmiths, of 139, Regent Street, London, W.

Brown, F.R.H.S., whose Violet Nurseries are at Henfield, in Sussex. In this book, which is published by the Cable Printing and Publishing Company, Hatton House, Great Queen Street, W.C., they give a great deal of sound and practical information on a fascinating subject. The book is illustrated, and daintily bound in rough leather.

Vernet-les-Bains, known as "the Paradise of the Pyrenees," is becoming very popular as a watering-place. Situated at an altitude of over two thousand feet, and surrounded by mountains, it has a very healthy climate, while the valley of the Cady, whose river offers good trout-fishing, is one of the most luxuriant of the whole Pyrenean range. Vernet-les-Bains, being further south than any part of the French coast bordering the Mediterranean, offers in winter the comfort of taking the waters and baths in a warm, sunny climate, the mean temperature for the winter months being 46 degrees. This point alone makes Vernet, as a cure resort, unique in Europe. For others than invalids Vernet is an excellent centre for excursions on foot, muleback, or by automobile. The Canigou affords as fine a climb as can be obtained in most parts of Switzerland.

Those who like chocolate and cocoa—who and who does not?—will be interested to hear that Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., of Bristol and London, have been awarded the Grand Prix (the highest distinction granted) by the jury of the Imperial International Exhibition in London. The exhibits which gained the award (one more addition to their already long list of such honours) were their Pure Concentrated and Malted Cocoas, Queen Alexandra, Vinello, and other chocolate specialities.

Garden-lovers, and especially those who favour "the violet of their native land," and of other lands, will be interested in a little book called "Violet Culture," by the Misses A. and D. Allen-

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

WHEN MONEY IS DEAR.

NOT many City people care for 5 per Cent. Bank Rates. It usually means bad business for the Stock Exchange when money is as tight as this high minimum entails. The folk who have cash on deposit at the banks no doubt enjoy the rather novel sensation of getting a living wage for their money. Beyond them, we know of few who do not anathematise a stiff Bank Rate, save in times when trade generally throughout the country is so good that manufacturers can use all the money offered them, and are able to employ it advantageously. But it is the American Market, once more, that has caused the trouble. Until the Wall Street complications get straightened out, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is not likely to let much gold out of her grip, so markets will have to grin and bear it as best they can for perhaps two or three months.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Well, not a word to the wife if I do," said The Stroller, as he sat down again. "I'm supposed to be dieting myself, and this is one of the things that are taboo."

"It will be all the same a thousand years hence, whether you do or don't," replied his broker, gloomily ambiguous. "What with the duty on this, that, and the other, what with a 5 per cent. Bank Rate, what with the Budget, and the super-tax, and the death duties—"

"You can escape those," observed a friend near by.

Several other men looked interested.

"How?"

"Divide your substance, and put it into separate boxes at some safe-deposit. Label each box with the name of one of your children, and cash the coupons yourself as they fall due."

"It must be all in bearer bonds?"

"Under this scheme, yes. When you peg out, your executors go to the safe-deposit and find your children's names on the boxes. The securities belong to them, and there's no death duty to pay."

"Is that legal?" asked a bystander.

"Ask any lawyer you like."

"I know another dodge," put in a little fat man.

"Pro—ceed."

"Insure your life for a good round sum, and sell the policy to your children for a sovereign before it has any surrender-value. The children can pay the premiums—with your own cheque, if you like—and they get income tax allowed on it. Then, after your death, the policy is theirs, so no death duties are payable on it. See?"

"Ingenious," commented a listener. "But is *that* legal?"

"I will quote our friend here and say, 'Ask any lawyer.' A solicitor will show you how to work it."

"Doesn't help us with the income tax and super-tax," groaned another.

"You're a lucky beggar to be bothered about super-tax at all."

"He's purely disinterested, of course"—and the speaker laughed sardonically. "Why don't you invest your money in American bonds or Foreign Government issues, and collect the coupons abroad?"

"I've heard that suggested."

"Suggested! Scores of people are doing it. You cut off the coupons as they become due, send 'em into one of these foreign banks that'll swear any affidavit under the sun for fourpence, and they will cash them abroad for you."

"But there's the tax to pay on the income all the same."

"Not so long as you keep the money abroad. Invest it over there in more bonds of the same kind, if you like. The Government won't get many *Dreadnoughts* out of you at that rate."

"Is there much of this kind of thing being done?" asked Our Stroller.

"Much of it? Any amount," was the decided reply. "A man doesn't object to support his country to the tune of a shilling in the pound income-tax, but when it comes to fourteenpence, with sixpence super-tax, land-taxes, stiff death duties, and all that—well, he begins to think of things."

"I call it simply swindling the Government," said an onlooker with indignation. "Besides, the income-tax is only ninepence on earned incomes up to a brace of thou."

"Call it what you like. It's being done all over the place."

"It's the Government that's being done, I think," exclaimed the man who had spoken with warmth before. "Scandalous robbery! For rich men to stoop to such dishonesty—"

"Socialist!" a friend twitted him.

"I don't think," was the quick denial. "But I've got an ounce of patriotism left that I can spare for some of you millionaires, who seem to want it pretty badly."

"The country will have to get the money somehow or other," remarked Our Stroller's broker. "Whichever political party is in power, I don't see much hope of retrenchment. Spend, spend,

spend! That's the game of all of them. And who's going to pay the piper?"

"The foreigner," replied Our Stroller with promptitude; sorry the second after, for all the others laughed.

"That's all very well for a platform," said one of the party, "but it's a yarn that doesn't wash down here. The foreigner won't pay."

"Who will, then?"

"The working-man, of course, and the masses as a whole. They always do, but they don't know it. You can't tax the rich without the poor feeling it, one way or another, and that's the bed-rock truth which no party politician would dream of admitting."

"For the House of Lords to interfere with finance—"

"Neither the House of Lords nor the House of Commons ought to have anything to do with finance," said the broker. "What on earth do they know about it, either of them?"

The others stared at this red-revolutionary.

"I repeat it," cried the broker. "Neither the House of Lords nor the House of Commons should be permitted, under the Constitution, to touch finance in any circumstances whatever."

"And pray," inquired one of the scoffers, "what House would you set up to do the financial work of the nation?"

"What House? Why the only one fit to deal with it. The Stock Exchange, of course!"

SOUTH AFRICAN BANKS.

Many inquiries have reached us lately with regard to South African banking shares, and we have no hesitation in saying that, provided an investor is prepared to buy partly-paid securities, he will most likely do well out of these at the current quotations. The gold-mining industry is on a good and substantial basis: the country is settling down to a new era of prosperity in its agricultural and commercial branches: the Union can hardly fail to stimulate both confidence and business. True, the various banking shares pay dividends that yield a comparatively small return on the money, but this serves to show that holders will not sell, believing in the early return of South African banking to increased profits—a faith which we see no reason to refuse to endorse as eminently sane and practical.

THE JOHORE RUBBER LANDS (MALAY STATES) LTD.

People are always asking for a cheap Rubber share, and in days of Rubber booms it is very difficult to supply the want. The above Company seems to present an opportunity of which those who are prepared to wait for returns may perhaps take advantage. The issued capital is £260,000 in £1 shares, of which 60,000 are fully paid and 200,000 7s. 6d. paid. These can be bought for about 9s. 6d., or 2s. premium. The Company owns 47,500 acres of selected rubber land. In 1907-8 2600 acres were planted, and by 1913 over 18,000 acres will be under rubber. It is estimated that when the present planted area comes to a tappable age (1913), it should yield 310,000 lb. of rubber, which, at 2s. 6d. a pound, is calculated to yield £23,000 profit. After this the yield will rapidly rise, and with the large area available the future of the Company presents possibilities of enormous profits. If the present price of rubber (say 9s.) were to continue, we are afraid to translate the profits in, say, 1915 or 1916 into figures. The shares are for those who can wait and believe in the future of the industry, and for such seem to us cheap compared with the rest of the Rubber Market.

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MAJOR.—Thank you very much for your courteous letter.

BROKERS.—We sent you the name and address on Oct. 17.

SOUTH AFRICAN BANKS.—In reply to your letter, and many others recently, we deal with the subject in a Note this week.

LIKELY.—We should wait awhile, because, if the money stringency were to become more acute, you would get the stock more cheaply.

A. H. C.—Write for particulars to the Birkbeck Building Society, Chancery Lane, or to the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Society, 196, Strand.

J. R.—We should not touch the shares ourselves unless they fell to about four shillings, when they might be cheap as a risky gamble. We have returned the circular.

A. H. C.—We believe that all these Companies are doing well at present, but the business is practically a new one. There are only rough figures of average to work upon, therefore it is necessarily somewhat risky.

P. R. (Paris).—We have handed your letter to the publishing department, and hope you will receive what you ask for.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Cambridgeshire will be won by Wheatear. Other selections for Newmarket are: New Nursery, Catrail; Moulton Stakes, Admiral Hawke; Houghton Handicap, Seaham; Jockey Club Cup, Amadis; Dewhurst Plate, Lemberg; Durham Stakes, Lafayette; Queensberry Handicap, Galliot; Free Handicap, Menda. At Worcester, Bonny Boy may win the Autumn Handicap and Jodel the Deerhurst Nursery. At Folkestone, Specific may win the Folkestone Handicap, Elspeth the Dover Handicap, and Procope the Cliff Plate.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

Motor Roads Undesirable. Quite a small river of ink is being spilt in discussing the question of the new motor roads referred to in the Finance Bill. While the Ministerial Press is in favour of such roads, as might be expected, practical automobile journals run by practical people

most strenuously oppose the expenditure of the motorist's money for this purpose. To the question, "If there were no motor-cars,

when five years hence the appearance of a horse-drawn vehicle on our roads will be as singular as a solid-tyred high bicycle is to-day?

The A.A. will Stick to Their Guns.

Notwithstanding the loss of their appeal, I am right glad to learn that the Automobile Association have no intention of withdrawing their patrols from the roads, or of altering the policy which has made the Association and gained it its position amongst automobilists to-day. I am given to understand that, so far from drawing in their horns, the Automobile Association will devote yet larger sums of money to this good work. The A.A. will not cease its endeavours to effect an alteration in the methods by which Section 9 of the Motor Act is administered in certain unclean counties. It should further be realised that in the large majority of districts where the authorities deal with motorists in a broad-minded manner, and where toleration of reasonable driving exists, the A.A. have patrols on duty doing public safety work, because there are no traps.



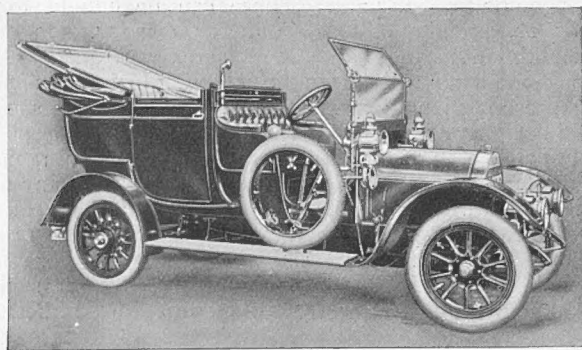
"CONTINENTALS" ADVERTISED ON THE HIGHEST GARAGE IN THE WORLD: ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SIMPLON PASS (6582 FEET).

would improved, and consequently more expensive, roads be required?" the practical man replies in the negative, and continues that, now there are motor-cars, more costly roads are not required. What is required is improvement in road-making methods, the construction of roads as they should be constructed for modern traffic, which necessitates dustlessness and imperviousness to water. Time enough to consider new roads when the old ones have been made motorable, which is another way of saying suitable to modern traffic conditions. Where is the utility of considering and wasting money upon provision, if any, for horse-drawn traffic,



A GREAT INDUSTRY IN BEING: IN THE WOLSELEY TOOL AND MOTOR CAR COMPANY'S WORKS.

This year has been a prosperous one for the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company, in spite of prevailing trade depression, and the company has found it necessary to extend its premises on a large scale. To the well-known works at Adderley Park, near Birmingham, have been added two large new erecting-shops, capable of accommodating 600 workmen apiece, also a new repair-shop, and a stock-room. Our photograph was taken from the middle of one of the new erecting-shops, and consequently shows only about half of it.



The B.S.A. 18/23 H.P. CAR

The silent and even running, freedom from annoying and expensive breakdowns, and excellent hill-climbing powers, have procured for the B.S.A. Car the premier position.

They are built in three different Models:
14/18 H.P. 18/23 H.P. 25/33 H.P.

All await your careful inspection at

Olympia—Stand 55

Full particulars and Illustrated Catalogue will be forwarded free on request.

TRADE MARKS



THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY LIMITED,

No. 5, Sparkbrook, BIRMINGHAM.

Contractors to His Majesty's Government, The War Office, The India Office, and Colonial and Foreign Governments.

September 16, 1909. NORTHUMBRIA HOUSE,
116, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.
GENTLEMEN,

It is now six months since I took delivery of my 12-h.p. "Adler," and I thought perhaps you would like to hear how she has been running. Since April I have driven her 3,000 miles over all conditions of roads, including a tour of 1,250 miles round England; no adjustments of any kind have been made on the road, I have not had any mechanical troubles, nor have I spent one penny on repairs. Above all, the 3,000 miles have been run without one involuntary stop. I have used 121 gallons of Petrol, giving an average of just on 25 miles to the gallon. The consumption of Lubricating Oil has been two gallons only, and I have added 1 quart of water to the radiator during the six months.

My total expenses of running the car for six months are:—

121 gallons Petrol	£7 2 6
2 gallons Lubricating Oil	0 9 0
Cleaning Rags, etc.	1 5 6
Washing and Polishing	3 2 6
Garage	11 0 0
Total	£22 19 6

This works out at just under 2d. per mile including garage. My grooved "Dunlop" Tyres are good for another 3,000 miles, and I have only had one puncture. The little car is still going grandly, in fact is pulling better than ever, and I doubt if there are many small cars that can show a better record. It certainly proves how very economical is the upkeep of an "Adler." Make any use you think fit of this letter, as I shall be pleased to show the car and what she can do to anyone you care to refer to me.

To Yours truly,
MESSRS. MORGAN & Co., LTD. ERNEST C. SLADEN.

Sole Agents for the Adler Cars:

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Ltd., SPECIALISTS,

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